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CAOUTCHOUC AND ITS GATHERERS.

II.



INDIA-RUBBER MANUFACTURER ON THE BANK OF THE MADEIRA.

NARROW paths lead from such wretched cottages as were described in the preceding paper to each separate tree. As soon as the dry season arrives the time of opera-

tion is at hand. The inmate of the palace just described betakes himself, hatchet in hand, into the *seringal* to chop little holes in the bark. Conduits of bamboo carry the

milky-white sap, which instantly commences to exude, into clay bowls, while a bandage is fastened under the wound in the trunk to prevent any overflow of the precious gum.

Thus the collector travels from trunk to trunk, each laborer having a certain number of trees assigned him by the proprietor of the camp. The process in many respects is like that seen in the sugar-camps of the maple-woods of the North. Let the reader release his recollections of the maple-sugar frolics of his boyhood from the association with frosty mornings, bare landscapes, and meadows as yet partly brown with the touch of winter, and transfer his thought to the splendid river-valleys of Brazil, glowing with intense heat, painted with a rich depth of greenery, and made picturesque with the manifold sights and sounds of tropical life.

The caoutchouc-gatherer travels his appointed round, and pours the contents of the bamboo-canes into a large calabash provided with straps of liana, that useful parasitic vine which fulfills a thousand useful functions for the South American. This vessel is emptied at home into one of the large turtle-shells, so necessary to tropical house-keeping, serving as they do for basins, troughs, vats, etc.

Now a new operation must commence without delay, for caoutchouc is a peculiar substance, and must be warily handled. The *seringueiro* instantly sets about the smoking process, lest the quality of the product should become inferior by the separation of the resinous elements of the sap.

An earthen jar without bottom and with a narrow neck to serve as a chimney is set over a fire of dry *urucury* or *uauasá* palm-nuts.* These furnish the only fuel which can be used, for the smoke has a peculiar chemical quality shared by no other woods. The vapor has the strange effect of instantly coagulating the caoutchouc-sap, which in this state resembles rich, yellow cream.

The workman sits beside the little earthen chimney through which rise dense clouds of a smothering but aromatic white smoke. The operation is mostly performed in the open air, to give free egress to the dense vapor, which would otherwise choke the workman. Travelers describe the sight as highly picturesque when seen at night, which is generally the time of the smoking process.

The sombre depths of the tropical forest in the background, lighted up by the glow of the flame, the tawny Indian bending over the thick smoke, which rises up like a pillar, his copper skin glistening with the heat, and brought out in clear relief by the light of the fire, while he anxiously watches the process of coagulation—the picture is as if one were viewing the mystical rites of some sorcerer of old myth or fairy tale brewing a magic potion, or completing a spell to call up dark spirits from below.

From his calabash, the *seringueiro* pours a little of the caoutchouc-milk on a sort of light wooden shovel, always careful by a deft management to distribute the fluid evenly over the surface to insure a uniform action of the smoke. Thrusting the shovel into the thick white vapor over the neck of the jar, he turns it to and fro with great rapidity, till the milk is seen to consolidate and assume

the whitish-yellow tinge which defines the close of the process.

Thus he puts layer upon layer, until at last the caoutchouc on both sides of the shovel has reached several inches in thickness, when he thinks the *plancha* has reached a sufficient amount. It is cut from off both sides of the shovel and suspended on a tree. When it feels the effects of the sun, the water evaporates through the as yet unsolidified pores. About five or six pounds of good, solid product is thus prepared in an hour. The *plancha*, from its initial color of silver-gray, turns shortly into a deep yellow, and thence into the well-known dark brown of the rubber as it is exported. There is a wide variation in the quality of the *seringa*. The best is perfectly uniform in texture, dense, and quite free from bubbles. This grade obtains a double price over the most inferior quality, the so-called *sernamby*, or *cabeça de negro* (negro's head), which latter is made of the drops collected at the foot of trees with the remains of the milk scraped out from the bottom of the calabashes. The rubber of the East Indies is very similar in color and texture to this *sernamby*, and has about the same market value—like it, being often found mixed with sand and small pieces of bark.

The *plancha* is often rolled and condensed by a sort of kneading into a solid ball, which is one of the most common forms of commercial rubber. Another shape, by no means common in the Pará market, is that of the bottle. The caoutchouc-sap in this case is prepared over an earthen mould with an open neck, which is afterward broken and removed piece by piece. These rubber bottles oftentimes come ornamented in the most curious fashion, frequently quite artistic. While the rubber is yet soft, the Indian artisan, with wooden tools, will engrave on its surface figures of birds, beasts, plants, even of rude landscapes, with an eye to natural effect and proportion highly creditable to his power of imitation. Since the demand for caoutchouc has become so great, these rubber bottles—whose preparation, of course, demands much time and labor—have become more scarce. A quarter of a century since, before the Amazon and its tributaries were ploughed by steamboats and barges, the whole of the *seringa* product was borne hundreds of miles on the backs of mules and porters. The latter were used mostly to carry the rubber bottles, each one hanging by itself from a pole borne by the carrier lest two should come in contact, and the figures be blotted or erased on the yet soft and sticky rubber. For their own use the Indian workmen mould the caoutchouc into various shapes with not a little ingenuity. The squirt or syringe, which is indispensable to a familiar social custom in Brazil—at least among the half-civilized *riverinos*—gave, indeed, the ordinary native name to the product of the caoutchouc-tree. It is common for the Indians after a feast to blow water into each other's faces through long rubber-pipes, in obedience to some savage superstition connected with aboriginal religious rites, a habit yet in vogue even among those who have been converted to the worship of the Virgin Mary by the good Jesuit fathers. Hence *seringa*, from the Por-

tuguese *seringat* (syringe). One of the earliest forms in which India-rubber came to America was as manufactured over-shoes, then known as Pará shoes. Of course, at that time the attention of civilized countries had not yet been called to the enormous importance of caoutchouc and its almost endless capacity for transformation into different shapes. Consequently there was no attempt at manufacture except in the native home of the gum, where the crude process, hundreds of years old, was known and practised. The rubber shoes, which then formed an article of export, were made, like the bottles, over rude clay moulds. A Boston merchant, in 1826, conceived the ingenious idea of sending out improved lasts, of assorted sizes, made of clay, to the Indian collectors in the *seringa* districts. He thus built up a great trade in this special article, and is said to have acquired large wealth. But at last his rivals discovered this neat commercial artifice and followed the example, which destroyed the monopoly.

When the balls and *planchas* of rubber are received at Pará, each one is cut through by way of testing the quality. By this means any bubbles are discovered, or such adulteration as is often effected with the milk of the *mangaba*, that fine shrub with rich, dark, glossy leaves so often made to do service in civilized conservatories and saloons under the name of the India-rubber tree. The spurious caoutchouc made of the milk of the *mangaba* has little of the toughness and elasticity of the genuine article, but for certain purposes—that of making hardened caoutchouc, for example—the milk of the inferior tree has a certain value. As the price is much less than that of the *seringa*, the manufacture of the *mangaba* resin has its inducements, and under proper treatment it might be made to have a standard commercial value.

Not unfrequently the *seringueiro* settlements attain considerable size where the rubber-forests are unusually rich and extensive, the Mojo workmen occupying hovels, while the proprietor rules with a lordly sway, and lolls at ease through the long summer days in his hammock, with naught to do but count the rich gains which his humble laborers roll up for him. For the most part, however, these enterprises are carried on by employers who do not fare much better than the Mojos, the hope of future wealth counterbalancing the inconveniences of the present. Many of the *seringueiros* are from Bolivia and Peru, while occasionally there may be found those of European race. The latter are mostly nomadic and restless sailors, deserters from ships at Pará, or natural-born wanderers who have drifted by some strange chance up into the *seringa* forests, where the temptation of making money without much labor easily induces a permanent settlement. A recent German explorer through the regions of the Upper Madeira gives a curious illustration of this in the case of a fellow-countryman. The latter had come over from Holstein twenty years ago, enrolled himself as a soldier, and fought against Rosas in the La Plata states. Thenceforward he led a sort of Robinson Crusoe life in the valley of the Ma-

* Two species of the *attalea* palm, the latter with gigantic bifurcated leaves.

deira. He was reported to be a very fast gatherer, collecting, with the aid of his Indian wife, during the three or four dry months more than a hundred *arrobas* of *seringa* (one *arroba* is equivalent to thirty-two pounds), while the average produce of a large family is not more than fifty *arrobas*.

The traveler writes of the strange meeting as follows: "It was pleasant to see the joyous surprise and brightened face of the man when he unexpectedly heard our loud salutation, in German, of 'Good-morning, countryman,' from out a canoe full of Indians. We had easily recognized him by his fair hair and beard, the more so as we had heard of him before, and had been looking for him for several days. He stood near the water's edge, watching our canoes come slowly up. Near him was his female companion, a stout, strongly-built Tapuya,* and behind them some of their offspring, whose yellow hair contrasted strangely with their dark skins."

These accidental accessions to the ranks of the caoutchouc-gatherers, the alliance of stronger, more energetic, more industrious races, who would bring skilled labor, as well as more enduring muscle, to the important work of collecting the raw material of rubber, suggest an important element in a commercial question which is yearly becoming of more pressing value to the great manufacturers in Europe and America, and through them to the world at large.

In order to measure the greatness of the rubber interest, let us turn aside one brief moment to the statistics of manufacture.

In the year 1870 there were in America alone employed in the rubber-factories 6,000 hands, on a basis of \$8,000,000 of capital, and the value of the products of all descriptions reached \$14,500,000. The imports of caoutchouc into the United States in 1872 swelled to 12,000,000 pounds, of which considerable more than half came from the port of Pará, in Brazil, which is the great depot of caoutchouc exportation. The imports of raw rubber to Great Britain for the same year reached 13,000,000 pounds, valued at more than \$6,000,000, of which two-thirds was from Brazil, in spite of the attempts made to force the East-Indian caoutchouc on the market. The opinions of the best judges point to an increase of the rubber-manufacture by 1880 of at least fifty per cent. In order to meet this extra demand, improved processes as well as an organized system of labor are needed in the *seringa* districts of Brazil.

The trade at present is mostly in the hands of a few rich landholders and other rich Brazilians, who have an iron hold on the poorer *seringueiros*, such as are not able to establish any direct correspondence with the rubber-factors at Pará. Many of these monopolists, who fatten like vampires on the hard labor of the wretched, ague-shaken caoutchouc-collectors, are officers of the government, or at least enjoy some powerful official

connection, which enables them to dictate the methods of transacting business.

So the poorer class of collectors are compelled to sell the fruits of their industry at half-price, to be content with fourteen millreis per *arroba* (about twenty-eight shillings for thirty-two pounds), while the purchaser finds quick sale at Pará for thirty-six millreis. Even this wretched price is rarely paid in money, but in goods and provisions charged at thrice their value, and poor in quality at that.

So the poor *seringueiro*, in spite of the rich field which he works, and the lavish bounty of Nature, is bound hand and foot in a clever bondage, from which he has not the pluck or ingenuity to break loose. These creatures, mostly mestizos and mulattoes, at the best but indolent and disposed to live from hand to mouth, are completely disheartened by their treatment, and sink to a state of mind even more thoughtless and frivolous than Nature made them. Out of the glittering stores of the patrons, who tempt and swindle them, they are sure to select the most useless things for themselves and their dusky ladies, such as gilt watches, silk jackets, silk umbrellas, and the most tawdry gewgaws. It is no uncommon thing in the rubber-districts to see men and women reeking with filth and vermin, yet tricked out with tinsel and shining attire, fit only for some dramatic spectacle.

Under such conditions it may readily be seen that the caoutchouc industry in South America is only at its minimum state of development; that with the application of an enlightened system it could easily be trebled or quadrupled. Some sluggish attempts have been made by the Brazilian Government in this direction, but the intimate connection of the harpies, interested in keeping the trade under their own control, with court and legislature, has paralyzed reform.

The state of things we have mentioned, however, will gradually correct itself with the development of the railway and steam-navigation systems, which are gradually but surely opening the interior of Brazil to commerce and agriculture. European and American firms will ultimately establish their own depots on the Amazon and Madeira Rivers, and get their supply of the valuable gum without recourse to the unprincipled middlemen at Pará, who make the caoutchouc pay heavy toll at both ends.

The immigration of hardy families of European blood to swell the ranks of the caoutchouc industry, which, as we have seen, has already commenced in a small, casual way, will also have great weight. A thousand such families scattered along the rivers would soon completely change the aspect of the country. This would specially be the case if an energetic company fully alive to the position, and sure of adequate support from home, would lead the settlers and protect them from the inevitable jealousies of land and trade monopolists. It is the opinion of experienced merchants, long in the Brazil trade, that such a colony would be highly successful, particularly as the improving facilities of intercommunication would soon give a heavy blow to the old system of

extortion and robbery. The planting of groves of the *Siphonia elastica*, a tree which grows rapidly and surely on the extensive river-bottoms at points nearer the market than the present caoutchouc-forests, an enterprise in which the Brazilian Government would ultimately second the initiation given by foreign speculators and capitalists, would have its marked effect and help to revolutionize the trade, in connection with the influx of foreign and more energetic blood. Some of the hundreds of European laborers necessary for the construction of the Brazilian railways now projected, would be sure to remain, in spite of fevers and difficulties. It would only depend on the ability of companies, and the conduct of the imperial government, whether this number were increased or diminished.

The application of skill and science to the preparation of the crude rubber, which would be sure to result, would largely enhance its value. This improvement could be easily effected by the use of alum for its solidification, in place of the fatiguing process of smoking it with palm-nuts, or by the mixture of ammoniac, a still more important discovery, by which the milk may be kept liquid, and rendered transportable in casks. Similar conditions would also affect the value of the trade in cacao, Peruvian bark, and other valuable products of the Brazilian forests, but with these at present we have nothing to do.

Intimately allied with caoutchouc is the resin known as gutta-percha, with which the civilized world, however, has only been acquainted about a quarter of a century. It was first discovered in China, but has since become extirpated in that vast country by sheer ignorance and waste. It is the product from the sap of a tree called *Isanandra gutta*, which is now mostly found in Surinam, Guiana, and India. The process of preparing the resin from the sap is very similar to that of making caoutchouc, except that the liquid solidifies by exposure without the agency of smoking.

Analysis shows the same ultimate atoms in gutta-percha and caoutchouc, yet, strange to say, the reaction on them of chemical agents is widely different. The former is also a non-conductor of electricity, a trait which renders it invaluable in telegraphic construction and other important scientific processes. Different societies of arts in Europe have stimulated the discovery of new fields of supply by offering large rewards, but so far the search has not been a successful one. If the yield of gutta-percha were as large as that of India-rubber, it is probable that it would more than rival it as an important article of commerce. But this is regarded as hopeless by those who have fully investigated the subject, since the tree is not only much more rare, but slow of growth, and demanding peculiarly favorable conditions. A substance nearly identical with gutta-percha is yielded by the bullet-tree of Guiana. Its fruit resembles a bergamot-pear, and is filled with a milky secretion, at first tasteless and hardly distinguishable from the caoutchouc-fluid. This afterward becomes sugar, and the fruit is transformed

* In the Tupi language, "Tapuya" means foreigner and enemy; but nowadays the appellation is given not only to all Indian settlers of the Amazon Valley, of whatever tribe they may be, but promiscuously to all mestizos. Very likely, a hundred years hence, every one who has a brown skin and catches fish there will be so designated.

into the delicious *mangava*. This suggested to Chevalier de Claussin, an ingenious and scientific Frenchman, resident in Guiana, that the sap was largely constituted of starch. By various chemical experiments he at last succeeded in producing from it a substance wonderfully resembling ebonite, a transformation of caoutchouc, which was one of the most wonderful discoveries of Mr. Goodyear. It is doubtful, though, whether this French experiment will have much value in the practical arts. The supply of caoutchouc will probably always dominate the markets of the civilized world in relation to all those manufactures depending on the classes of gums of which we have treated.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARQUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER II.

OTHER tourists come now to visit the palace, and Cecile is reduced speedily to the manners of an orthodox young lady.

In this cabinet, we are told, did Knox come in answer to the queen's summons, and here, in language ungarlished by court flattery, and ingenious with dislike, did he defy her displeasure. Here did Rizzio play lackey to her will, and Darnley alternately cringe and bully; and here, surrounded by her four Maries, did the loveliest and most fascinating woman of her age wrestle hourly with Fate.

Out these windows did she gaze, through these doors did she pass, and one might imagine that the rush of the wind, as a window is opened to admit fresh air, is made by the sweep of her ghostly dress.

We penetrate presently beyond into the bedroom, where hang the portraits of the queen and her rival Elizabeth; and on the north side is a doorway, half concealed by tapestry, barred as the one below, and through which we see the secret stairs go winding down into a pit of black nothingness.

"Those bars aren't so close together; so I didn't have so much trouble in getting through."

Cecile laughs merrily in the guide's very face.

The room is desolate—bare as to floor, and full of echoes. There is dust, and plenty of it, upon the faded hangings of the bed; there are cobwebs wedding the panels overhead; there are grim shadows huddling wherever they can; and when we look for cheer at the window in the recess, it lets in only light which seems wet and gray with fog fresh from the sea.

The only bright thing is Cecile, and I know that the centenarian spiders long to drop on her fair head.

Almost joining the doorway opening out upon the secret stair is another, and through this we now pass from the royal bedchamber directly into the queen's supping-closet, a turret-room, where, crouching behind Mary and clinging to her dress, the poor Italian

begged for mercy, and from which he was hustled screaming to his death.

We stand in the little room mute with thought and sick at heart. The spiders are spinning here, too, their webs over the frames on the walls, from which the silken hangings, that became so well the queen's complexion, are dropping shred by shred.

Here Ruthven, fresh from his victim, came reeling and demanding his cup of wine, and here the candle-light shone that night upon her despairing face, and upon the table overthrown at her feet.

The guide allows us to think a while, and then awakens each by stating that the stain made by Rizzio's blood is still to be seen at the head of the staircase just outside the cabinet-door.

"These rooms are haunted, are they not?" asks Cecile, almost begging him to say yes with her face. "The driver said so."

"He only said so because he wanted a shilling for his pains," says Mrs. Hogarth, in derision. But the guide answers to Cecile's gratification that uncanny blue lights flame out from these windows at night, especially from this one in the turret-room, and that voices are heard sometimes, and the sound of fighting feet.

"And doesn't anybody ever come to find out what it is?" asks Cecile. "If I were a man and not afraid, I'd come and sleep here all night, and see for myself."

"So would I," says Dundas, sardonically.

"Then don't be afraid, but come, Rob. I want to find out whether they really are haunted. Won't you come if I tease you long enough?"

"Yes, if you will tease until we get back safe to New York. I wouldn't miss gratifying you for the world."

"It is hateful of you to laugh at me. You're afraid, if you won't do it when I beg so."

"Yes, I'm afraid. Ask Schuyler."

"I would if I thought he'd say yes."

"No matter whether you ask me or not, I will do it for you, just to show, of course, that I am not afraid."

"Really?"

"Really."

"You will come here in the night-time," she says, under her breath, for Dundas has thrown his thumb toward the guide, warning her that he ought not to hear, "and stay here in the dark and listen and keep your eyes open?"

"Yes, if you won't consent to my going to sleep when the ghosts do."

Mrs. Hogarth is a little ahead with the guide, in search of the apocryphal blood stain in the floor, and, just as we are quitting the desolate, ghostly rooms, Cecile turns to have another look at them.

"Oh, if you should only see one ghost—just one—wouldn't it be fun?"

"Well, I don't know. My hair might be modest, and change color at it."

"Don't you believe in ghosts?"

"No—I really don't."

"Wouldn't you believe if you saw one?"

"No, I can safely say that, as I shall never be tried."

"Don't be so sure."

We have looked at the dark stain, and are now seeking the Chapel Royal. In coming down-stairs Dundas somehow has gotten ahead, or we have lagged, or perhaps both, and I am now left quite alone with the woman I love.

"Am I to do all this for you and go unrewarded?"

I look down at her steadily until she looks up. Many a girl would know at once what I mean, and many a one would go all the way through life without ever having a spark of the pure light in her eyes that shines up at me now from Cecile's.

"No, indeed. I'd do as much for you."

"Would you? Then will you give me any thing I ask for if I outlive the ghosts?"

"Yes—only I haven't much to give away."

The answer, although I put it by to remember, hurts me, and when we come as we do now again in sight of Dundas, I feel like putting a bullet through him.

We are in the roofless nave of the chapel, with the ivy creeping up to look over on all sides—a tapestry-frame old nearly as the walls, but with patterns born anew upon it every now and then.

Dundas is inspecting a door through which we are told the conspirators, on that wild March night, ascended secretly to the presence of Darnley.

We loiter a while to tread the flat, vault-stones that cover the bones of old Scottish kings and queens, so weather-beaten and trodden upon that the dates are nearly all illegible, and we place ourselves—Cecile and I—by chance upon the very spot where, at daybreak, Mary, attired as if prophetically in mourning, wedded Darnley.

When I tell this to Cecile she starts away from the spot to stare at it from afar, as though a masked headsman stood there, poisoning a burnished axe upon his shoulder.

After studying for a while the shattered peers, the *fleur-de-lis* tracery, the double row of arcades, we wander out through the doorway of the old chapel to examine the fountain in front of the palace, and the old dial.

As we enter the carriage, Cecile turns to look once more at the windows from which Mary Stuart used to gaze out upon the wild world of those days.

"If I were a man," she says, throwing herself back on her seat quite exhausted with thought, "I should just want to live here where she did, and spend my life in thinking of her."

What a happy day it is! We return up through the Canon-gate direct to the castle, past the scale staircases of the old stone lands; and, as we go, I tell Cecile that just so did Montrose ride up on the hangman's hurdle by the old Tolbooth that hangs its clock out over our heads, as though to let us know for certain that it is a real clock, and can tick, under the aged stone balcony of Murray House, which also overhangs the street, and where the foes of Montrose stood, long ago, mocking him as he passed.

We do the castle thoroughly, enjoy the view once more, and return, as it were, to the side issues of the old city—to the different localities of interest that we have hitherto been so eager to slight.

In the Grass-Market an uncanny old crone, for a shilling, sings one or two weird Gaelic songs—of the bride being dragged by her phantom lover to the ship that was never built by mortal hands; of the battle so red with blood, which drove the girl of Tantallon crazy, to haunt the ruins of the castle of the Douglases to this day.

Now a Highlander in a bonnet and tartan skirts on his pipes for Cecile a love-strain that touches her, for her eyes grow big and dark, and she leans forward to listen, with parted lips, when suddenly instead comes the plaintive coranach of a clan bearing their chief, rolled in a plaidie, to his grave.

When we return to the hotel for a late luncheon, we find Dundas's friends the Hagues already arrived, and I begin now to understand Cecile's allusion to the tribe of Ephraim. Besides *mater* and *pater familias* are two daughters and one son, while later in the evening this party is augmented by the arrival of another son and his comrade, who have been coming through the Trossachs on foot to meet them here.

Evidently, Cecile is influenced by jealousy of one of the daughters in her willful depreciation of these people, for, as far as I can see, they are fairly refined, and intelligent, and objectionable in no positive way. Annie Hague, whom Dundas sits by at table, is neither plain nor pretty, but good-humored to a tiresome extent; and Cecile, in having nothing to be jealous of, displays her woman nature in taking extra trouble on that account to be so.

At dinner, which we partake of at adjoining tables, each one has some different experience in traveling to relate; and when it comes Cecile's turn, she gives a minute and graphic description of her favorite Holyrood.

This brings us, of course, to the subject of ghosts again, and I am not permitted long to imagine that Cecile has in the least forgotten my rash promise to dare them for her sake. When she remembers, and taxes me with it, although I declare myself ready to stand the trial, I suggest that it may yet be an impossible thing for me to do, as, of course, after nightfall, no one would be permitted by the authorities to enter the palace.

But Cecile is never at a loss for expedients.

"Rob will find out some way," she says, and then the Hague sisters join in their entreaties until they spoil the whole thing.

Later I see Dundas propitiate her by abandoning Miss Hague for a time, and, putting her hand through his arm, walk with her up and down the corridor. I see Cecile grow flushed, and excitedly answer something he is saying. I begin to grow sick with the idea that she loves him with her whole heart, after all, since he can turn her so with a touch or a word.

I rejoice in the chance to do something for her that he is too lazy and indifferent to do, and, although in one way I rebel somewhat against the effect of my own impetuosity of the morning, yet now, as I see them together, he dawning out from one of his taciturn moods, and she feverish with delight

thereat, I am fearful and jealous all at once, lest he is trying to step in and crowd me out from my voluntary position in the matter.

My suspicions as to his jealousy of me are strengthened when morning comes; he seems to avoid asking me to stroll out with him before the ladies are ready for the sight-seeing, and starts off with one of the Hagues instead.

When he returns, however, he has walked off his spleen, and relapses into his usual spirit of *camaraderie*.

It comes out before long that he has been interviewing, at Cecile's request, our guide of yesterday, and has succeeded, by offering him a large bribe, in winning him over to her cause.

"He says the only way for you to do is to go to the palace as late in the afternoon as the rules for visiting allow, and remain behind when the gates are closed. You can quit the palace the next morning when he comes with the keys."

"That isn't much to go through with to see a ghost," Cecile coaxes.

"No indeed. But it is a great deal to undergo and be disappointed. Now, if you would only promise me just one ghost—one would do—I couldn't demur."

"Well, I can't do that, you know—not exactly—but I will promise, perhaps, to make it worth your while;" and Dundas frowns at her suddenly, for she is looking up at me so coquettishly and slyly that my thoughts revert unwillingly to the scene of yesterday, when I pleaded so against going unrewarded.

The serene light has quite gone out of her eyes indeed.

"She is trifling," is my sober second-thought; but I never know what becomes of my intoxicated first one.

"You'd better put off going until to-morrow night," says Dundas; "we have so much to do and see to-day."

Dundas, ever since his return, has been very devoted to Cecile, following her about when she is not following him, and talking with her in affectionate undertones, until I am tingling to my fingers' ends with a nervous desire to make a fool of myself in some way.

"Put it off altogether," I say, in a temper that I am fighting hard not to show. "I think I will back out after all."

"Oh, no, no!" cries Cecile, in a sort of enthusiastic terror, while Dundas bites his lip suddenly and turns his back, a movement so suggestive of a reciprocity in my own feelings of jealous restlessness that I am twinged all over with a species of satanic delight. "Oh, do not disappoint me, Mr. Schuyler! Nobody would do it for me but you—not even Rob."

And I am quite peaceful again in the thought of being able to please her, and in having startled Dundas anew into the conviction that he has somebody in me to fear and defy.

All day long Cecile keeps up her coaxing, alternately demure and mischievous, now exciting, now allaying my suspicions that she is making game of me to win Dundas back from his devotion to Miss Hague.

As for Dundas, he seems to avoid, since

my sudden outbreak and her tender treatment of it, all intercourse with either Cecile or me, and acts as though he had begun in real earnest to understand the situation, and was trying to pique Cecile by showing of what very little moment he considered it.

Only once or twice after we have returned from our sight-seeing for the day I find the two haunting corners, probably effecting a reconciliation, and disappearing like shadows at my unexpected approach.

I hate them quickly at this, and myself unmitigatedly, when I reflect that I am being used as a decoy, one for the other; and I hasten to resent in the next breath my own suspicion by adding color to Dundas's possible one in a wholesale devotion to Cecile.

In the mean time there is a great deal of frolicking in the party since the Hagues have joined, and Cecile is in her element. She orders the Hague men, just fresh from college, about as though they were born vassals to her, and the young ladies ape her manners and costumes with a minuteness that is positively ridiculous. As we become better acquainted with each other, practical jokes become a rage; and Cecile, whose inventive genius is a new revelation to me, devises all sorts of tricks, and executes them with the skill and assurance of a prestidigitator.

The second day after the arrival of the Hagues the entire party spend in driving out of town among the environs of green trees and greener grass that are kept so continually sea-christened by the fogs that roll in almost hourly from the Firth.

As we start off, Cecile, who is as usual all aglow with restrained excitement, says to me: "We are going to keep you quiet to-day by taking you to see the cows and sheep on the hill-sides; so that, if you do see a ghost to-night, it won't be one of an excited imagination."

"The only way for me to get out of the scrape is by hiring a boy to play in the cellar of Holyrood to-day with a match and some pine-shavings."

"Oh, no!" cries Miss Hague, "you must not do that, for we haven't seen Holyrood yet, and we've been saving it for the very last, so as to have an excuse to take and leave you there. You wouldn't be cruel enough to disappoint us all now, and the ghost, too?"

"Don't worry, Helena. Mr. Schuyler hasn't the slightest intention of doing so. He is as good as his word."

"Yes, too good to be true," I answer, in a state of mental parallax; for, although I would thoroughly enjoy disappointing Miss Hague, on the other hand every thing Cecile says is so like the tick of a clock that, whatever language it may possess for others, I can suit my imagination to it with a precision of meaning that insures my deference and eagerness to be accommodating.

I continue in this sing-song condition of good-nature all day, for it seems to me that I have every thing my own way, and that out of sheer sympathy with my happiness the sun lags in rolling up-hill, and the fog even is considerate, and does not once display its wet blanket.

We drive from out the shadow of the city's

high, black roofs into the country-side, where we find the grass so tender and vividly green that one is nearly provoked into tasting it; and its smooth surface, rounding everywhere, is only broken at long distances by a show of sterile soil that is kept prickly with furze, and as a fine cover for game, and where we see the tenderer shoots browsed upon by the wandering sheep and cattle.

We drive to Craigmillar Castle, and over these feudal ruins Cecile is ecstasied; for here she again finds traces of Mary Stuart in its embattled walls and square, high keep, that the driven queen so loved to take shelter in. The ivy is wandering all over the old stones that peep out, hoary and grim with story, from between the light, soothing touches of leaves to drop their sands of time, as it were, gravely one by one down into the moat dried in a flowering hollow at their feet.

As we have brought luncheon with us, we picnic on the slope of the castle, from which we may see the low country stretching, crisp with tender, moist verdure, toward the sombre smoke of the city.

In the valley just below a loch lies still in a wicker-work of willow and chestnut trees; the flying hair of the willows shimmering alternately green and white in the breeze over the rushes on the shore, and the swans, never tired of kissing their own wraiths, floating just under in the gray, chill water.

It is late in the afternoon when we bestir ourselves for a return to the city.

"All ho for Holyrood!" cries Cecile.—"Now, Mr. Schuyler, you have rested so long that you won't need to rest to-night, and you must promise not to let the ghost have any rest either."

"Am I not to be allowed to return to the hotel first?" I inquire, with solicitude. "Really, you do not mean to dump me in that forsaken old palace dinnerless. If you should do such a thing, your conscience would make you more uneasy than the ghosts will me to-night."

"No, indeed. There is some luncheon left in the basket, and you shall have that. Don't make up a wry face, for it isn't all cake, by a good deal. There's a game-pie for you, and you really can't find fault with that. If we let you go to the hotel for dinner, you couldn't get into the palace at all."

"Well, then, I'll give Dundas the game-pie, and I'll go home to dinner with you."

"You are only talking for effect. I am going to take you straight to Holyrood and leave you behind."

"Leave me behind!" I echo, lugubriously. "Indeed, my shadow is the only thing I ever leave behind under such circumstances, for it can live without dining."

"Well, we won't talk about it," says Cecile, just as she might coax a child to have a tooth pulled; "we'll just go and see how it is, and then if at the last moment you are really frightened, why, you needn't stay—that's all."

The tone of her voice is suddenly become so conservative with age and experience, that I feel it might be proper for her to add to its effect by patting me encouragingly on the head.

To favor the possibility, I duck it toward her, whereupon she laughs aloud, and Dundas turns to look the other way, with the same stoical expression that he has been cultivating for the last forty-eight hours.

I am enjoying this day thoroughly in having made two men more miserable than they would have been had the force of circumstance left me entirely out of the census returns in my native country some twenty-eight years ago.

Foster is the other man, the comrade of the younger Hague in his walk through the Trosachs to join the family here; and I am so delighted to find one clinging to a lower round of the ladder than I that, perhaps in order to establish a precedent for future use, I begin to regard Dundas's claim upon Cecile's favor more impartially, and to tread my own ground well over before precipitating matters.

It is a glorious drive back to Holyrood from the castle, with Cecile lying opposite against the cushions, her cheeks throbbing color anew with every breath, and a mischievous light kept hidden by the half-dropped eyelids.

Back from the ivied walls of Craigmillar; past the gardens that make the air drunk with the sweet smell of fruit-blossoms, to the music of drumming-bees, the whistling of myriad birds, as if there were one for every leaf, and the singing of the insects all astir.

The distant hills are purple with heather and flushed gold on their tops, and the smoke of the hearth-fires goes up unfolding like white wings, and is lost.

In the distance the battlemented towers of Holyrood come rearing up into sight, and from here they look wet and black with yesterday's fog and to-day's desolation.

We are a little in advance of the remainder of the party, who are following in carriages, and I am glad, for now I can be almost alone with Cecile in the old palace for just one little while.

Our guide of the other day, according to orders received from Dundas, I suppose, is on the lookout for us, and seems as innocent and uninterested as men usually do when they have been bribed to the extent of reason.

As we enter the court-yard, Dundas lounges off with him to one side as though only to inspect the pediment on the east side, upon which are sculptured the royal arms of Britain, and I am left to escort Mrs. Hogarth and Cecile up-stairs.

When we reach the top of the stairs we only give one peep into the picture-gallery, and then Mrs. Hogarth, who really looks pale and fatigued, and therefore never so handsome to my eyes, sinks upon a chair and increases her comeliness by declaring that she can go not a step farther.

So, as this chair upon which she reposes happens to be on the landing, just outside the audience-chamber to Darnley's suite, Cecile and I are permitted to wander on alone into the dusty square of uncarpeted room.

As we enter there is a scare of echoes, that the old tapestry smothers a little, and it sounds exactly as though the ghosts of dead-

and-gone courtiers were scampering away at our approach, and hitting the floor and their heels with their dangling rapiers at every step in their flight. When we stop by the window, the clang stops too, and then, a little after, there is a duller clatter from outside as the carriages left behind drive up to the entrance and are brought to a turn.

Queen Mary's picture hangs on the wall, just over Cecile's bright head, as I stand with my heart in my eyes looking down upon her, and for a background she has a bit of old tapestry, that sets her forth like a flower with the dew fresh upon it, the stitches and colors are so old, and dingy, and moth-eaten.

Upon the tapestry are embroidered little Cupids that toss grapes down from the vines, to other Cupids playing upon the ground; and as these snatch the grapes to suck them, they do not become more drunk than do I, draining thirstily all the joy out of this moment alone with the woman who stands here within reach of my arms.

She is fretting with color, and her hands clasp nervously one over the other. She is half-turning aside from me, as though eager to run away and no longer possessing the power; she parts her lips that grow pale now, but not to speak. Only a breath since she was laughing and defying me, and acting like a child that can never grow old. And now my eyes are aging her, and the silence is calling her by the name of woman—and she is facing for the first time a fright that is only terrible in its sudden sweetness.

I forget Dundas. I step, almost without being aware, forward to touch and make it real to her. I begin to say something that is almost inarticulate, when I am startled back by the sound of feet upon the landing running this way, and the voice of Miss Hague crying, "Oh, where is Cecile? I really must tell her quick, or I shall die!"

When the voice is followed in by the owner of it, we are far apart—Cecile staring vacantly at an old shaky screen, and I examining another bit of tapestry on the other side of the room.

All about us the echoes, sympathizing with my state of mind, go screaming back at the high-pitched *staccato* temper of Miss Hague's voice.

"Cecile—oh, I've the greatest joke to tell you! What do you think? Mr. Foster has been imagining all along that you are engaged to Mr. Dundas, and he wouldn't believe me in the carriage when I told him the truth. Mamma and sister had to assure him over and over again that you were not."

The hanging of tapestry that I have been so rudely shocked into examining has trees upon it, and in long perspective a street which goes wandering away, with people crossing and recrossing as though trying to be on both sides at one and the same time.

My vision becomes suddenly irresponsible and dazed into a state of ceaseless multiplication. The figures on the tapestry are included in this abbreviated process in which they repeat themselves in a truly uncertain and bewildering result.

"It is a ridiculous mistake, and one that I am quite tired of," I hear Cecile's voice—

make answer. "Ask Mr. Foster to come here, and I will tell him so that he will believe."

"Tell me first"—I turn round upon her quickly. The room is silent again, Miss Hague having gone. She is not a stupid girl, perhaps understands the situation, and will not hurry to come back. If she does not, she will never be loved by any man better than she will be loved by me.

Cecile looks up now, half mad with laughter.

"And have you made the same mistake? Oh, you could not; you are not so stupid as Mr. Foster!"

"Yes, I am, in one way, and all about you. You don't mean to tell me that Dundas is—your half-brother. If you do"—I catch my breath, for her face is crimson, and mine all aglow—"what a donkey I've been!"

The whole pack of them are upon us now, and we are separated in the crowd, so I take the first opportunity to get rid of this singing in my head by slipping down-stairs and out into the fresh air.

When Dundas comes to seek me I am pacing up and down the roofless nave of the old chapel, with the shine from the setting sun flashing through the aged doorway upon my face as I turn, and the grass pushing up from between the vault-stones like green nerves reaching out in uneasy filaments for the light, standing erect again after every tread.

"What are you doing here, Schuyler?" he says, in a restrained sort of way, which may mean one thing or another. "You mustn't try to skulk now at the last moment, for, if you do intend any venture of the kind, I will bring up the rear with a vengeance."

"I may be dumb, but I will not be driven. Go back to where you came from, and stay there."

"Do you know that we have only ten minutes left, and at the end of that time the rest of us must be out of the palace?"

"Very well, lead on. How you are taking for granted that I will not follow!"

In all my life I have never been so near embracing one of my own sex, and in my foolish excess of desire I am so afraid that I may make a guy of myself if I do not administer a hasty snub to the situation that now I am stilted my phraseology in a way calculated to set Dundas's wits agog with conjecture as to the provocation of it.

I see him look me stealthily in the face, as though uncertain as to whether a hand-clasp or a blow is the chrysalis inclosed in this transparent covering of restraint, and I am not more silent than he, as I follow him through the court-yard and up the flight of storied stairs.

As we go we hear their voices ever above us, and, when we reach the second landing, where the round stain of Rizzio's blood upon the floor seems to act as a full stop to further ascent, through the doorway to the queen's cabinet we see them flitting about, irreverently awakening the echoes that do penance for having belonged to Mary Stuart by never being allowed to sleep.

Cecile is not here, but I find her soon in the royal bedchamber, seated in a cavernous arm-chair, that is speechless with the glory

of having been embroidered by Mary's own industrious fingers, and which now, grotesque with age, serves as a throne for the reclining figure of my fair young girl.

I am frantic with longing to say just one word alone to her, and I hover about, ever alert to take advantage of any lapse in their seeming vigilance, for all at once they are possessed of a spirit of conspiracy, as it were, to prevent my getting near enough even to touch my hand to her chair. It is not long before I begin to hate everybody in the world but Cecile, and in the midst of their verbal clatter I become speechless and morose with imagining how different it all might be at this moment if they would only leave her here with me; how as she sits there in the dusk of her throne, like a white lily laid against black velvet, I might go to her, and, kneeling with my face upon her folded hands, tell her my story.

"You are looking dreadfully worried, Mr. Schuyler," says Miss Hague; "I do believe you are getting afraid. For shame—for shame—a big man like you!"

"You know this is the room where the ghosts come," adds her younger sister, for fear that for one instant I may be left in peace; "if you don't stay here all the time, the guide says you won't see any. So, if you don't see any, we shall know that you have run."

"If you find the horns of the dilemma one too many for you, toot the extra one out the window," says Dundas, grimly smiling at me, "and you will have the town about your ears in good earnest."

In the midst of it, the guide comes to say that it is high time for those who intend going to be gone, and then the luncheon-basket is brought in, and as Cecile continues seated, an unusual repose for her, and I lean up against one of the rickety bedposts, the Hague sisters spread hastily out upon a table the ruins left of our noonday meal, the game-pie having been alone left untouched. But I do not even complain at this; indeed, I am being led so meekly by the ear that, under ordinary circumstances, I would be inclined to make as much sport as possible out of it; but the idea of allowing Cecile to go away and be separated from her an entirety of twelve hours with all these thoughts unborn, yet in words strangling me, suffices to stun my appreciation of the frolic, and to make my cheeks hot and my eyes burn with an intolerable indignation at the nonsense of the whole situation.

I shall never forget how Cecile drags herself up from her dusky seat, in a tired way that I have never known her to affect before, nor how, without a word either of cheer or farewell, she passes me by and is gone. Just as I am about to defy them all and follow after, the rest of them string after her one by one like an interminable flock of sheep—and I am left alone with the guide and Dundas. I awake with a start now to the knowledge that the latter has been regarding my melodramatic lounge against the bedpost, my frowning face and crossed arms, for some little time attentively.

"You really don't feel like backing out now?" he asks, soberly.

"Don't stand there asking me questions. If you'll stay to dinner it's all right; but, if you intend to go, you'd better be about it. I don't want to see any thing more of you till daylight."

"I hope the gentleman has no fire-arms about him," says the guide, anxiously, while Dundas all of a sudden looks me squarely and keenly in the face, as though not caring to question me again aloud. "He knows I'm taking a good deal of responsibility, and it would not be well to have any thing of that kind going on in case the ghosts should be out."

Dundas motions the guide to the door, and we are left alone.

"Here is a pocket-pistol for you"—he hands me a flask—"I'll exchange with you if you are carrying any of the other kind."

But we do not exchange, for I take his and have none to give in return, and I laugh, for the first time in an hour, at his daring in having even suggested that I might consider such a precaution necessary.

I have the last word, and then I am left to listen to the rat-tatting of their boots across the floor of the outer room and down the stairs until the clang-to of the heavy door opening below into the quadrangle tells me that I am alone in the grim old palace.

I do not realize the enormity of it yet, for I am hastening to the western window to watch with a hot heart how Cecile has gotten away into her corner of the carriage, and, when she turns her face up, I feel exactly as though we were looking straight into each other's eyes.

This sensation keeps me warm some time after I have lost all trace of her, even to the last echo of the wheels, and the thick, soft silence crawls over the fire and tumult of my brain.

After a while there is a stab of sound made by footsteps upon the flags in the quadrangle below, and soon the guide, in company with two others, passes the window to cross the square and enter one of the ancient houses that opposite begin the Canon-gate.

NANNCHEN OF MAYENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

I.

HER name is Nannchen, and I will gladly tell her story.

Nannchen is certainly not a remarkable name in Mayence; many girls bear it. But Nannchen Becker is a remarkable girl, not on account of her beauty or her well-developed, powerful figure—there are many beautiful girls in Mayence, especially in Gartenfeld, where our Nannchen lives—but she has a specially brave nature, and, above all, can laugh so that it makes one's heart swell for joy; and when she laughs her face breaks into so many mirthful hues, especially around her brown eyes, that it is a pleasure to see her. She inherits her powerful figure from her father, Becker the porter, who works in unloading the steamers that ply up and down the Rhine, and is a noticeable personage. He

wears a long, collarless, tarry-linen coat, and the plate on his cap is always pushed toward the left side; this gives him a somewhat rakish appearance, but is only done to leave the right shoulder free to bear burdens. His figure would be much taller if he did not walk with a slight stoop, in consequence of the many loads he has carried, for whenever any thing is too difficult for others to lift, they always say, "Call Becker." He is always at hand, and, when he grasps an object, it seems as if his fingers were pincers, and woe betide him who irritates Becker to deal him a blow with his huge fist! But he is as good-natured as a child, and knows how to control himself like a man, for he is afraid of himself, of his own strength; he knows he cannot control it if it breaks loose.

The life led by the porters on the banks of the Rhine is a singular one. They often lie about for hours on bales of goods, hand-carts, or even in sheds, and, as the saying goes, stand gaping about, and if a passer-by cracks a joke with them, or has any thing ridiculous in his appearance, sharp and witty speeches rain upon him from all sides. Becker rarely takes part in this sport; only when—our story took place in the year 1860—the Prussians are censured he joins in the abuse with a few powerful words; but usually he only nods his huge head, covered with thick, bushy hair. He is no friend of many words, and moreover knows that he is somewhat unskillful in the use of them. His special glory consists in having once won a wager. It was said that no one could carry a cannon-ball on his shoulder. Becker laid a wager that he could do it, and won the bet. But he does not like to hear of this feat, and almost denies it, for the witnesses who were present are already dead. Becker's handcart is made of iron, and he does not need to put any mark on it; any one else would find the cart load enough without a burden.

As has already been said, the porter's life is a strange one. Nothing to do for hours at a time, and then within ten or fifteen minutes, while the steamer remains at the landing, hard labor and such hurried toil that, when the boat moves away again, one can't help wondering what has been taken in and put out. When wine is unloaded, Becker is always there, and as careful as he is strong. In spite of his powerful grasp, he handles the wine with a certain tenderness, for what are leather, and grain, and household furniture, and all the other articles sent to and fro, in comparison to wine? They are all very well, but wine alone makes the heart glad—there is music in it, as they say in the country. He often drives the low, stout wagon, drawn by strong bay horses, through the city, and, as he stands on the pole, horses, wagon, and driver, suit each other as if run in one mould—all are powerful and sturdy.

He laughs and nods, and the laugh and nod of this giant of labor produce a strange impression when one is told that he has never drunk a drop of water in his whole life. For it is true. And has not the son of the Rhine a right to drink only wine if he can get it? He believes the Rhish proverb, "Water is not good in the shoes, and much worse in the stomach." However, Becker is

a mortal enemy of cigars; he declares that cigar-smoking spoils the taste of wine—a good pipe does far less harm.

Becker has been a widower ten years. His only son Nicola is a cooper in a wine-store, and was married a year ago. Nannchen—she is only a year younger than Nicola—carries on business in Gartenfeld, a tolerably profitable one, for she has kept up the laundry her mother established. It is said that Becker is a rich man, and able to buy houses, but he prefers to invest his money in mortgages; then the world knows nothing about it, and yet it is perfectly safe.

At noon—but eleven o'clock is called noon, because the men must eat before a steamer comes up the river at half-past eleven—at noon Becker always receives his dinner from Nannchen, but she rarely brings it herself, usually sending a younger girl. When Nannchen comes herself she must be ready with answers on all sides, for she is rallied by older and younger companions of her father. That is the way with the Rhinelanders, they are always joking. Nannchen understands how to pay every one in his own coin; and her father, who, meantime, is eating and drinking—he really eats very little, drinking is the main thing—nods while eating, and when he drinks makes a sign to her to keep quiet, lest he should laugh and swallow the wine the wrong way.

But one bright summer morning an odd thing happened. The green water of the Rhine flowed quietly by, glittering and flashing in the sunlight, and beyond rose the Taunus Mountains like lofty petrified waves.

Nannchen stood beside her father, who was sitting on his cart, eating his favorite dish—a fat piece of beef with horse-radish sauce—when Wendel, a comrade and distant relative of Becker, said:

"Is it true that you want to change the proverb?"

Becker made no reply in words, but raised his head, and his inquiring expression asked, "What do you mean?"

"The usual saying is, 'Our daughters are going to put on the *Haube*'" * (cap); "but you mean to have yours put on the *Pickelhaube*" (helmet).

Suddenly three locomotives shrieked at once: the one on the Taunus line, the one going to Darmstadt, and the one on the way to Worms. It was impossible to hear in the din.

Nannchen turned away and gazed at the Rhine, and Becker, who was just about putting a large piece of meat in his mouth, pushed it back into the dish, nudged Nannchen, handed her the plate, and wiped his lips.

"Didn't you understand?" asked Wendel, when the shrill whistles had died away.

"Of course we understand you," replied Nannchen; "but, take care, the *Pickelhaube* pricks."

"Go home now, Nannchen," said Becker, and, picking up a sack which he used to carry coal, laid it on the cart, and put his head

* "Putting on the cap" signifies to marry; there is no English synonym for the play upon words.

upon it. He did not need to answer his cousin; he wanted no assistance, he would settle the matter himself.

Nannchen went away, and her father did not turn to gaze after her.

Becker sighed, and looked at his hands. He had raised them yesterday to strike his daughter, but was glad he had not done so, and secretly vowed he never would; but it was a bad business; and yet Nannchen was kind to bring the dinner herself to-day when there was so much ironing to be done. She evidently saw it was foolish and impossible: she had always been a good child, and would remain so. The matter was settled.

If he had seen two pair of eyes, and heard a few words exchanged a short distance from the cathedral, between a soldier on guard and Nannchen, he might have thought differently. The soldier—a tall, fair man, with thick, wavy, light hair—said to Nannchen as she passed:

"How do matters stand, sweetheart?"

"So surely as you keep your oath of service I will keep my promise," replied Nannchen, quickly, scarcely looking up, and passed on.

On the bank of the Rhine her father was thinking of what had occurred the day before.

Weeks ago Nicola had told him that Nannchen had a Prussian lover. Becker laughed at it. "Perhaps he is in love with her. That will do no harm, she is clever and sensible—it'll take a very different sort of man to turn her head."

But an incident had happened the evening before. When he came home, Nannchen was not in—she was in the great drying-place. He followed, and who stood there helping her take in the clothes? Who lifted the great basket on one side while she held the other? A Prussian!

How the man looked he really did not know—he only saw the Prussian uniform. He went up to the pair and shouted—he really did not mean to speak so loud, but he could not help it:

"We want no assistance. The Prussian can go; and you, Nannchen, walk before me."

He took the heavy basket in both hands and carried it into the house as if it were a knitting-bag. Once he looked back: the Prussian put on his helmet and buckled his sword, then went away in the opposite direction.

On entering the house Becker asked:

"What sort of buffoonery were you carrying on there?"

"I don't know."

"What was that Prussian doing here?"

"His name is Becker, too—Wilhelm Becker."

"I don't care what his name is: I'll have nothing to do with the Prussians."

"Nor I either—except Wilhelm."

"Indeed?"

There was a long pause. Nannchen brought her father's supper; he did not eat it, but filled a pipe and sat down on the bench before the house.

Nannchen went to and fro giving orders about the washing. The girls in the large

back-room were singing over their ironing; but Nannchen's voice was silent.

After a time—even his pipe did not taste well to-night—Becker returned to the room, muttering, "The Prussian sha'n't spoil my supper, too."

He began to eat.

Nannchen came in, and asked, "Father, sha'n't I warm your supper a little?"

"No, it may be cold; you may soon have me cold, too."

Nannchen stood beside him, forcing back her tears.

"May I tell you about it now?" she asked.

"Bring a light," replied Becker.

Nannchen obeyed.

"Can you look me in the eye with a clear conscience?" asked the father.

"Yes."

"Then go on."

"Father—I haven't much to tell."

"The less the better."

"Father, it is now three weeks since I went to see my aunt at Kostheim."

"I might have thought so. But go on—go on!"

"Uncle had just gone on his first trip as helmsman on the Schiller, and, as we sat together, a Prussian came in, and said he had a message from his uncle, the overseer of the foundry at Neuwied, with whom my aunt formerly lived. My aunt knows the soldier; she had seen him before when he was a little boy. She went down into the cellar to get some wine—"

"I'll pay her for the wine," interrupted Becker; and Nannchen continued:

"As we were alone in the room, the soldier said, in a trembling voice: 'It is a piece of good fortune sent by Heaven that I have met you here, Fräulein Nannchen.' 'How do you know my name?' I asked. Then he said, politely: 'Allow me to take off my cap,' and he did so, and his face was so handsome and kind and honest—you saw him, too, father."

"I didn't see him."

"Then you probably will to-morrow."

"We'll see. Go on."

"Then he told me that he had known me by sight a long time, but had not been bold enough to speak to me. And I told him he did quite right, for he would have had the worst of it. Then we both laughed, I don't know why, but we could not stop laughing. My aunt came up with the wine, we touched glasses, and he told me he had asked where we live and what my name was, and he knew you, too, father, by sight."

"He sha'n't know me in any other way. But go on."

"I've almost finished my story. My aunt urged us to take more wine, but Wilhelm scarcely drank half a glass, and said he thought he wouldn't want any thing more to eat or drink all his life, and he talked very sensibly and pleasantly, and told us he was a joiner—but they call it cabinet-maker—and when I went away, he asked permission to go with me. So we walked side by side. When we came to the train, he asked, 'Will you allow me to take a boat?' I made no objection, and, as we got in, the boatman said:

'I wish you good luck. That's a well-matched pair.' We both started so that the boat rocked, and, as we came out into the Rhine, the sun was setting, and we floated over bright, golden waves, and he said: 'If all this were pure gold and my own, I would marry no other woman in the world than the one who now sits beside me,' and then he took my hand for the first time, and I let him, and we rowed across without speaking another word. Then we got out of the boat and walked through the city. I took his arm, and when we reached the garden-fence I gave him the first kiss, and I'll never kiss any other man except you, father, if you say 'Yes' and 'Amen.'"

"Do you know what sort of an amen I'll say?" shouted the father, raising his clinched hands over the young girl's head. "That's the way I'll say amen, you—"

"Don't do that, father! you would repent it all your life if you struck me," replied Nannchen.

Becker's hands fell, he walked silently out of the house, sat down on the bench, and smoked till midnight. The stars sparkled over his head, the nightingales sang in the shrubbery, in the distance from the Rhine he heard the snorting of a steam-tug, as if some monster were approaching, and the sentinels on the walls shouted from post to post:

"Comrade, are you there?"

"Comrade, are you there?" cried a voice to Becker, also. He felt angry with himself for sitting up so long, when he must go to the Rhine at three o'clock to unload a ship from the Netherlands. He did not go to bed, but walked straight to the river-bank, and slept for a few hours on some coffee-bags stored in a shed.

Becker was now thinking of all this, and he felt anxious about the end of the matter. Nothing can be conquered by force, and he knew of no other means, unless Nannchen came to her senses of her own accord. To-day, for the first time, he failed to hear the landing-bell, and was waked just as the steamer was making a dainty, graceful curve, to come up to the wharf. Becker was quickly at his post.

II.

WHEN the time for rest came again, and Becker sat idle, a burden far heavier than any he had dragged in and out fell upon him.

Yes, his wife, he thought, looking at his broad, strong hands—yes, when a wife dies and leaves husband and children, it is as if they had lost an eye or a hand. He covered his eyes for a time, and then, following his former train of thought, murmured: "If she were alive this wouldn't have happened, and you wouldn't be sitting here worrying about what is going on at home. To take care of a girl! Ah, if she doesn't take care of herself, bolts and bars are useless. I needn't fear, Nannchen is good and proud, she won't do any thing wrong. But who knows what an artful Prussian—for they are artful—"

Becker sat still a long time, now opening his eyes, now resolutely closing them; if he saw the world around him he was dissatisfied; and if he shut his eyes and saw nothing, he grew more and more anxious. He was angry with himself, for he could not help confessing

that he was not fit to manage such matters.

Suddenly he rose and went up to a beggar, who sat on the bridge not far from the landing, with his crutches beside him. Becker hastily stooped and gave him money.

The man had sat there for years, and Becker had scarcely noticed him, far less thought of giving him alms. To-day he did so. And I can tell why, for Becker has explained it—he was angry with himself. On looking up once, he had suddenly wished he was the lame beggar, who had nobody in the world but himself; then, hastily reflecting that this was a sin, he went up to the man and gave him some money, as if to atone for the wicked thought.

Becker returned home that evening later than usual, but ate and drank first at the "Ship"—for, in the first place, he did not want to let Nannchen get his supper; and, secondly, he felt that something might happen which would deprive him of it altogether. If the Prussian were there again—he didn't know what he would do; he'd give him "a dig in the ribs!"

He pursued his way in a very sullen mood. He was angry that something was being cooked at home, which must be eaten, though he was neither hungry nor thirsty.

As he passed, the guard at the cathedral, a tall, curly-headed soldier, was standing idly by a pillar. Something about him attracted his attention, and the soldier took the cigar out of his mouth, made a military salute, and said:

"A fine evening, Herr Becker."

Becker started, looked indignant, clinched his fist, and walked on.

"A fine evening!" he muttered. "A fine evening! Deuce take him with his fine evening! What sort of talk is that?"

Now he had some definite object of anger, he could not bear the Prussian's High-German accent.

"But he is a fine-looking fellow. He might well take a young girl's eye, and he has a lawyer's gift of the gab; all Prussians have that, they can talk till a man would think he was the stupidest mortal in the world, and they had swallowed all the wisdom. Wait, I'll settle your business. And the impudence of speaking to me on the cathedral square, as if we had been friends all our lives!"

Becker went home feeling very much relieved; the Prussian was on guard that day, and the house in Gartenfeld was safe from him for four-and-twenty hours.

When the old man reached home, he found his son Nicola and his daughter-in-law awaiting him. He spoke more mildly than he had intended to Nannchen, who was setting the table, and told her she might clear away the things, he had eaten his supper. His daughter-in-law should see nothing of what was going on in the house. He sat down on the bench outside the door; Nicola joined him, and said he had heard what had happened, and his father probably believed him now.

"I'll tell you what," said Becker, rubbing both hands over his knees, which felt unusually weak, "don't meddle in this busi-

ness. Nannchen and I will settle it together."

So the evening passed quietly away.

When Becker had gone to bed, Nannchen entered his room, saying:

"Father, I want you to have a good night's rest, so I will tell you that I won't say another word to Wilhelm until you've spoken to him yourself. Good-night."

"A fine evening," replied Becker, turning over on the other side, and muttering, "Then you can wait a long time."

The next morning, when he rose before daylight, Nannchen was up as usual; neither said a word about the main subject that was occupying their thoughts, and Becker went to his work.

Day after day elapsed, as if nothing had happened.

At last, on the second Sunday, Nannchen said:

"Father, Wilhelm has written me a letter."

"Ah! So he can write too?"

"Yes, he writes beautifully, he is well educated."

"Yes—yes, all the Prussians can write and chatter. What does he write?"

"Read the letter yourself."

"No, you know I can't manage writing very well—read it aloud."

Nannchen read:

"DEAREST LOVE: "

Becker nodded—that was a good beginning.

"I am dying of grief because I can no longer see and hear you, or hold your dear hand. I have just been discharged from the guard-house, where I was kept twenty-four hours on bread-and-water because I neglected to challenge the major when he was on his rounds. I can no longer see or hear any thing; I am fairly out of my head. If you don't want me to put a bullet through my brains—"

"Fie!" interrupted Becker.

"—and some way that I can speak to your father. I shall go to your aunt at Kostheim at noon to-morrow. He can meet me there if you won't let me call at the house. I implore you, by your mother's memory and your love for me, not to keep me in suspense any longer! Yours until death,

"WILHELM BECKER."

Nannchen paused. Her father sat in silence for a long time, with his clinched hands resting on the table, without uttering a word.

"What will you do?" asked Nannchen, at last.

"Zounds! The Prussian shall know me and your aunt too," replied her father.

"You will do nothing unjust," answered Nannchen. "I can depend upon you, as you can upon me. And, father, settle the matter. You surely can't want me to be untrue to you."

"Indeed! So you now pride yourself on not having been untrue to me. I have remained unmarried for your sake, but I now see I should have done better to take a wife, then one creature in the world would have staid with me."

"I won't leave you, father."

"Very well."

Becker went to attend to his work on the Rhine, but took some better clothes in a bundle, in order to change his dress in one of the sheds after the business of the day was over.

Nannchen sat at home keeping the books, though her eyes often filled with tears; but she had no patience with weakness, and, after finishing her work, went to her own room, where she washed and dressed herself thoroughly. Then she went out into the garden. The two watch-dogs came to meet her, and pressed close to her side, but she read Wilhelm's letter over and over again; then went back to her room and looked at the fine shirts she had washed for him.

"He belongs to a respectable family, one can see that by the shirts," she thought, and, when her sister-in-law came to see her, was as merry as usual.

III.

BECKER had never been much accustomed to walking, and, as he crossed the bridge today, he moved as if he were pushing an invisible cart; he was indeed heavily laden, and moreover thought all the people must ask—or, no, they really had no need to ask, they might have read in his face—the reason why he had left the landing that day. He gazed in astonishment at the buildings which had been newly erected beyond the railway-station. For years he had only been to the station with loads of freight, and gone no farther.

A strange Sunday afternoon brightness illumined the village of Kostheim. The church services were over, dinner had been eaten, and now there were several hours during which people could do as they chose.

Becker was greeted by many families of acquaintances, who were out walking together, and his first thought was: "It is your own fault that your child has committed this piece of folly: you have always let her wander about alone, especially over here to visit her aunt." He resolved if Nannchen gave up the Prussian to go with her in future every Sunday wherever she wished, then she would meet the sons of respectable citizens, and who knew what might come of it?

When he reached his brother-in-law's house, he looked through the window on the ground-floor, and saw two men sitting at a table.

Before them stood a blue pitcher and two pint glasses.

It is hard to find a more contented man than a Rhenish sailor at home on Sunday afternoon. Perhaps, of all who labor on rivers or at sea, the Rhenish sailor is the only one of his class who drinks wine. The helmsman was the very picture of comfort. He sat in his room in a loose calico jacket, on which red flowers twined here and there over a green ground, with his feet thrust into a pair of embroidered slippers—a present from Nannchen. The bird perched on the blossoming pear-tree, whose song floated in through the open window, cannot be so merry as the man; for it can only whistle, and not drink wine, especially with a companion.

The helmsman did not like to drink alone, so a guest who could talk pleasantly was all the more welcome. He scarcely answered, only whistled noiselessly to himself, as he was in the habit of doing when he stood on the high deck of the steamer and turned the wheel.

Was the Prussian sitting with his brother-in-law? But what was there to consider about? Becker entered, and the young man, in a black-cloth coat and white vest, who had been sitting with the helmsman and now rose, flushed scarlet. Becker, too, felt something of the kind; but, according to his habit when perplexed, took hold of his big nose as if he wanted to guide himself.

"How are you, brother-in-law?" said the helmsman.—"I suppose you already know Herr Becker," he added, turning to the young man.

Becker, still holding fast to his nose, looked up at the youth, who was at least half a head taller than he, because he stood so straight.

"So this is he," was the thought that flashed through his mind.—He nodded, saying, "I only want to speak a few words to your wife."

"She'll be in directly; sit down."

"I have often seen you before," said the young man—"you passed me yesterday when I was on guard."

Becker found it very convenient to make no reply: that said plainly enough, "We have nothing to do with each other." But it was extremely unpleasant for him to find his brother-in-law at home. He had plenty of hard words in store, and wanted to tell the Prussian he would break his neck if he spoke another word to Nannchen, or even cast a glance at her.

Now every thing was changed.

"I have been consulting with Herr Becker," said the helmsman, "and you can help us more than any one."

"I shall consider it a great honor, if you will be kind enough to do so," added the young man.

He had a pleasant voice, but spoke with such a marked Prussian accent that the porter's righteous indignation again overpowered him. But he was silent, and his brother-in-law continued:

"Yes, this is the business on hand: Herr Becker has obtained leave of absence for three weeks, and wants to work at his trade."

"Yes," added the young man, "though I must acknowledge that I like a soldier's life, I prefer my own trade. To be sure, I always feel a longing for my mother and my relatives, but still more for my trade; so, during my furlough, I want to feel at home by working at it, and taking plane, saw, and chisel, in my hand again."

"Yes, Prussians have the gift of the gab," thought Becker; but he did not say so, only muttered: "What have I to do with this, to be sure? What silly expressions the Prussians have!" he grumbled, under his breath.

"I advised Herr Becker," continued the helmsman, "to get a place with old Knussman—he does beautiful work. You went to school with old Knussman, and often carry

him loads of wood. You must recommend Herr Becker to him."

"The Prussian has never been recommended to me, and I don't believe he will be; I can't give what I don't have.—Where is your wife?"

"I don't know—probably standing by some garden-fence gossiping. Can't you tell me your errand?"

"For aught I care. I merely want to tell the Prussian that I'll have nothing to do with him, and my Nannchen will have nothing to do with him either."

"I must ask to have Nannchen tell me so herself."

"I didn't know that he," said Becker, speaking to his brother-in-law over his shoulder, "had any right to ask any thing."

Fortunately, just at this moment the aunt entered, and was overjoyed to see the three men sitting so comfortably together.

"I'm going, now," said the porter; "we have done with each other. And I only want to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself to help on such a thing. As your husband is here, I'll say no more."

"You've said too much already!" exclaimed his brother-in-law, rising. His face flushed, and the red flowers on his jacket seemed to grow redder and twine in and out as if in anger, as he folded his arms and continued: "Yes, look at me, I'm not afraid of your huge fists. I'm sorry you are so unreasonable. You're taking the best way to make your child deceive you! Did you ask your parents before you spoke to your wife?"

"Pray, don't shout so; speak gently," said the aunt.

"Yes, pleasantly, quietly!" jeered the porter.

"Let me speak," pleaded the soldier. "I don't wish to bring trouble into a family and reproaches on this good woman's head. I will leave the house and never come here again."

"Stay!" said the helmsman, "I'm master of my own house."

"Then I can go," replied the porter, calmly. "What is said is said. Good-by, all."

He opened the door, but met Nannchen on the threshold.

"What! You here?" the father shouted. "Didn't you promise me you would never meet him again without my knowledge?"

"I'm not doing it without your knowledge," replied Nannchen. "You are here."

All laughed, and even Becker could not help joining, though he felt more like swearing.

Nannchen drew him into the room again, and he was obliged to sit down.

A long pause ensued. At last Nannchen began:

"Father, I know your grudge against Wilhelm. You want to have nothing to do with him, because he is a Prussian."

"Of course."

"And suppose some wished to have nothing to do with you, because you belong to Hesse-Darmstadt?"

"I don't belong to Hesse-Darmstadt, I belong to Mayence."

"Yes, but you are a German, too! I shall never forget how you looked when you bore the great German banner in the year '48."

"Yes, and who tore down the German cockade and trampled it under foot? The Prussians!" cried Becker, dashing his clinched fist on the table; he was glad to have some pretext to give vent to his rage.

"Not I," said the young man, "I wasn't here, and who knows whether any one else did it?"

"Yes," cried Becker, with trembling lips, "it was a Prussian who snatched off my Nicola's black and gold cap—he was a school-boy, then—and flung it into the Rhine. If I had been there, the Prussian would have gone after it! And before I—"

"Let that pass," interrupted the helmsman, "a great deal of water has flowed down the Rhine since then." Are we not all a pack of fools?" he added, laughing. "What does this concern us now? There stands Herr Becker in his civilian's dress, and tomorrow he'll put on his uniform again, as every one must. You've lived on the shore of the Rhine all your life, brother-in-law, and don't know that there are other people in the world."

"You are not my teacher. It is probably the new fashion that a father passes for nothing with his daughter's suitor."

"He passes for as much as he is worth and makes himself," replied the brother-in-law, while the soldier extended his hand, saying:

"I have every respect for you, Herr Becker; you are a man of honor."

The two women left the room, but stood outside the door like a guard, to prevent any violent outbreak, and ere half an hour had passed the helmsman called them in again.

Nannchen sought her father's eyes; he would not look at her, and Wilhelm's gaze was also fixed on the floor. Her uncle alone seemed cheerful and said:

"Yes, we have stirred up all the old stories again. I shall never forget it—I steered the ship that brought the ambassadors of the German Reichstag from Frankfort to Cologne, whence they went to Berlin to give the King of Prussia the imperial crown. Oh, what splendid-looking men they were! Where are they now? Most of them underground, or scattered over the wide world. If I should live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget what a trip that was; there will never be such another. Nothing but rejoicing on all sides, and people thought all trouble was over. Yet here we sit quarrelling about the emperor's board,* and haven't even an emperor, much less one that has a beard."

All laughed, and the helmsman, who prided himself on his political knowledge, continued:

"What's the use? Things have turned out differently from what we wanted, but what's the use of worrying? It'll all come right in the end.—Nannchen, don't be anxious, your affairs will come out right, too."

* A German saying, signifying to dispute over trifles.

This really seemed to be the case. Not another angry word was spoken, and the porter drank the wine set before him, but did not touch glasses with the Prussian; he retired into passive resistance, for he saw that he could not carry out his wishes here, there were too many against him; to be sure he was stronger than all of them put together, but bodily strength was of no use. So he did nothing at all, but applied himself to the wine.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

SEVEN BRILLIANT SUNSETS.

THERE are more people in these degenerate times who see sunsets than sunrise; and there is no doubt but that the former are, to the majority of the human race, much more agreeable ephemera. One requires three things to perfect a sunset: you must have the natural phenomenon (if there is such a thing), then the person to see it, then the mood of mind to enjoy and appreciate it. These three things do not always come together.

Seven times in my experience have these three things come to be united. I have seen extraordinary sunsets, no doubt, *without* seeing them; the clouds, the colors, the majestic pomp of celestial heraldry, were there, but my appreciative sense was not there. The better part of me went *not* forth to greet Nature's most gorgeous hospitality. My mind had no wedding-garment; it staid at home, in its poverty and obscurity. But there were moments when both guest and host were in a festive mood, and then the sunset was not thrown away.

The first of these gorgeous ceremonials was one spring-day many years ago in New York, when Mrs. Kemble had been reading "Macbeth." She had given especial prominence to the character of Shakespeare's great spiritualist, that dreamer of dreams and seer of visions, the most imaginative and poetic of all Shakespeare's characters, except *Hamlet*. I remember that she gave me the idea that he was a small and dark man, very beautiful in form and feature. I seem to see him now, majestic in spite of a delicate figure, the most perfect of Nature's noblemen, loving his wife intensely, and perfectly dominated by that morbid brain of his, which saw witches on the heath and daggers in the air. Never before had I cared for the male *Macbeth*. It was the so-called female *Macbeth* who had ruled my fancy, that superb tigress with a man's heart under her woman's breast. But the genius of that extraordinary woman, Shakespeare's great interpreter, gave unusual interest to the thrice-called thane. Nothing could be more beautiful than his smile as he says "sweet chuck"—that dear familiarity of love which Shakespeare throws as a gleam across this dark and lurid picture. So great was the glamour that Mrs. Kemble disappeared, and *Macbeth* appeared in her place. All through the play *Lady Macbeth*, even with traditions of Mrs. Siddons behind her, seemed less prominent in Mrs. Kemble's reading than

Macbeth. It has made me apprehensive of stage *Macbeths* ever since. Such a delicate fibre; such a refined "precious porcelain of human clay;" such a poet—so piteous a sacrifice—such a groan of blasted conscience as her *Macbeth*, never crossed my vision before or since! How few men could have made it at once so manly, so weak, so strong, and so terrible, as she did!

No actor but one of great physical as well as mental refinement should ever attempt *Macbeth*. Her *Lady Macbeth* was, of course, a prodigiously fine thing; but it was not so inspired, so poetical, as her *Macbeth*.

When I came out of that room which genius had filled with ghosts—that atmosphere in which intellect seemed to float in radiant particles—I saw the sun just setting, a round, red orb against the palest green. If sunsets and atmosphere could not do any thing, I should say that it was impossible for so red a sun to be defined against so pure a green without intermediate tints of crimson; but there it was, and to the north floated three hazy clouds as like the dreadful sisters of the caldron as if an artist's hand had shaped them. Many persons saw and noted them. Had Mrs. Kemble's genius called them from the subtle gases of the atmosphere? Had her wand, which she might have stolen from *Prospero*, again summoned them to the vision of mankind? Then, as we looked, the green became incarnadined, the whole western sky was as red as *Lady Macbeth's* hand; blood, blood everywhere—"I could not have believed there was so much blood in him"—and slowly and solemnly the three sisters took on the crimson hue, and then dissolved, and faded away into night and mystery, where they live and have their being.

The second remarkable sunset that I remember was in that tropical sea which embraces the Antilles. One must pardon much to the soft enchantment which wraps the imaginative traveler as he first enters the gentle delights of the tropics. It is "a land in which it is always afternoon," and one floats delicately and naturally toward sunset. The neighborhood of the sea is always favorable to beautiful effects of sunset. The god of day dies as the dolphin with innumerable tints of color. We had floated like Ulysses on those smooth and dreamy waters for days, and we talked of Columbus as we approached the Virgin Islands. How frail was that bark; how ignominiously small and poor the *entourage* of the greatest and most courageous of dreamers and poets! Columbus, taking the undiscovered sea into the hollow of his hand, was the greatest of visionaries. When he sailed to meet that floating sea-weed he took a leap in the dark which no human being has paralleled. Who wrote that fine verse?—

"Thou Lather of the darkened deep,
Not more courageous thou than he!
His greatness woke Earth's troubled sleep,
While thine unbound the sea!"

Luther and Columbus and Franklin were new, great, original, courageous men—they did great work for the human race. Columbus, by far the most romantic of them all, we talked of "as we sailed! as we sailed!"

as we sailed!" The trade-winds, spicy and delusive, may have intoxicated our senses; but, as the sun went down in gold and crimson and aqua-marine, we saw three little ships sailing in the heavens.

"The mirage," said the practical captain.

Mirage, indeed! We knew better. Had we had a good glass or better eyes, we should have read "Isabella of Castile" on that royal standard. We should have seen the wasted figure of Columbus on the deck. We should have seen his discontented crew—that crew which always surrounds the man who is greater than his age! Nothing is so possible as the impossible—nothing so real as delusion. Which would we resign, our real lives or our dreams? In that sunset we saw the triumph of dreaming, the conquest of the impossible:

"What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Courage hath genius and power and magic in it."

The third remarkable sunset occurred in the second year of our war, and was seen from Long Branch—a place noted for beautiful sunsets.

It was a desperately unhappy time. I need not recapitulate its horrors. Every one at that gay watering-place was watching for the echo of defeat. The sea was brilliant, beautiful, and unsympathetic—a siren, as she always is, treacherous and enticing. One got a little courage by bathing in the morning, and by watching her blue and silver as she decked herself in the sunbeams. Naught but the murmur in her vacant shells told of the sorrows she locked in her secret caverns. From the land came the wail of the dead and dying. Wives were listening to the readers of the news, with hands clasped over their ears, dreading and hoping. Daughters, sisters, lovers—all were in that sickening agony of suspense which is worse than the sober certainty of woe, when there came a bulletin of bad news. One little wife whom we all loved, whose husband, a captain, was at the front, had paced the beach, with her long hair floating over her cloak, for many a sunset hour. One evening she called us out to see a gorgeous sunset. It was one of the opal effects, the crimson behind the pale green, the fire hidden, lambent, flashing, for a moment, then gliding behind the cloud, when up from the sea came a hideous black procession of dark vapors—an army with banners, horses, and horsemen, and a long black line in which our prophetic and excited souls saw hearses, coffins, and the panoply of death. That night came dreadful news—a battle had been fought, the carnage had been terrible, and our captain was killed, and his little wife lay insensible, with her long hair about her, a mourning veil.

The fourth sunset was in Florence—dear Italian city, famous also for its sunsets. Whether that long line of the high Carrara Mountains helps this desirable consummation, whether the civic glories and romantic histories have floated upward, whether the cold breezes from the Alps meet half-way the softer airs of the Apennines, I know not. There is no apparent reason for the beauty of Florentine sunsets, but they have "that best excuse for being"—they are most beautiful.

Well, we had spent the morning in the Uffizi Gallery, we had wandered into the Pitti Gallery, we had looked over Benvenuto Cellini's goblets, and had gone to the tomb of the Medici. Somehow or some way we had gotten hold of Bande Neri, or he had gotten hold of us. He was a dashing, fascinating hero, this Bande Neri. When he *did* take hold of one it was with a strong grip, and he held us that day in mortmain. Dying at twenty-seven, like most of the Medici, who were singularly short-lived, he left a history and a career which many a man of sixty might have been proud to achieve—if, indeed, deeds of conquest, stormy and warlike proceedings, are achievements. Bande Neri, or Black Band, was the Duke Giovanni de' Medici, who married his cousin Maria Salviati, thus uniting his branch of the house with that of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and his son Cosmo I. assumed the title of grand-duke. His statue stands in front of the Uffizi Gallery, and his memory fills an important epoch in the history of Florence.

That evening, as we drove on the Cascine, we saw the most glorious crimson sunset I have ever seen. Every variety and shade of that enchanting color filled the sky. It was the color of the *giglio*, or famous lily of Florentine heraldry, and from east to west was a black band of cloud—so black that it was almost ink. We could not help feeling that it was an atmospheric compliment to our historical researches. This black band of cloud on such a superb crimson produced a curious, weird, and unnatural effect. Thousands of the gay pleasure-seekers on the Cascine saw and admired it; few besides ourselves associated it with the stormy and romantic hero who had made his Black Band so famous.

Thus it will be seen that sunsets, like beauty, live in the eye of the gazer. It is a pleasant coincidence when your own mind can go forth to profit by the miracles of the sunset, as well as by all the other gratuitous miracles of Nature.

The fifth gorgeous sunset was over the castle at Edinburgh. It was after Holyrood, after a day spent in seeing that wonderful town which Walter Scott so loved, after a week's enjoyment of the Frith of Forth, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the old Castle of Craigmillar, and the dear delights of Melrose, "Roslyn Chapel fair," Abbotsford, and Dryburgh Abbey. I suppose Edinburgh is perhaps the most picturesque town in the world. Nuremberg and Venice have strong claims to the title, but Edinburgh, with its new and old town, its hills and hollows, its wildness and finish, palace and precipice, its giant rock and old feudal castle in the midst of the city, is certainly preëminent. This sunset, with so many memories behind it, was sure to be remarkable; it was tranquil, the new moon hung over it; the sky was pale-blue, and gold, and green, with dogs' heads in white clouds toward the south, indicating possible rain on the morrow, when up came one little red shape, a heart—was it the Heart of Mid-Lothian?

The many significant sunsets described by travelers are all distanced by Mr. Whymper's remarkable story of the cross which he saw in the heavens at sunset after the terri-

ble death of Lord Frederick Douglas and the Swiss guides and two English gentlemen on the Matterhorn.

Mr. Whympster does not seem to be an imaginative man; his book reads like the conscientious work of a practical observer—an artist, too, one who can, with pencil as well as pen, illustrate his ideas. He declares that he saw—and he draws it, too—a cross in the sky, very luminous, large, and distinct, after that dreadful event. What a message, personal, and yet removed from our sphere, was that vision!

On the day that the dreadful news came to New York of the death of President Lincoln, many persons declared that they saw a "banner in the sky." It was very warm for the season, and the western heavens had been brilliant for many sunsets. I remember the occasion and the sunset; it was not unlike our flag, that floating mass of crimson streaked with white, and the deep blue of the adjoining sky. Whether Mr. Church got from it his idea of the "Banner in the Clouds," I do not know; it certainly was suggestive of that lovely picture.

Every one who has observed sunsets has been struck, no doubt, with the frequent resemblance to animals in the floating clouds: dogs' heads, swans, eagles, and lions, seem to particularly attend at the *soirée* of the departing monarch.

Hamlet alludes to this cloud-zoölogy in his conversation with *Polonius*, whose easy conscience first saw that it was "backed like a weasel," and then was "very like a whale." There was an old superstition that clouds over the sea looked like fish, while clouds over the mountains took the form of birds; that clouds on the plains resembled buffalo and lions and deer. But clouds are too far off to be influenced by what passes beneath them; they look like every thing by turns and nothing long. They are the most changeable things in Nature—her wild and beautiful caprices.

Howells speaks, in his delightful book on Venice, of the sunsets in that most dreamy city. He describes one of them as being like the tears and smiles of an angry beauty. There is every thing in Venice to make beautiful sunsets—water and architecture—which helps along a sunset wonderfully, although it may sound absurd to say so. To look at a sunset after seeing St. Marks, with all its pomp of color, its porphyry and verde-antique columns, its Saracenic gates, its horse-shoe-shaped trellises, its scarlet and gold, its amethyst and ruby, is merely to continue the idea. You are great, you are lifted up, therefore you are better able to appreciate the sunset. Then the Campanile rises so graciously against the western sky—

"The last to parley with the setting sun!"

I saw a wonderful sunset in Venice, but I should have to get Tintoretto and Titian and Paul Veronese to describe it for me. Ah! who would not like to have lived in that century!—to have looked at the sunset when the world was all agitation, passion, picturesqueness, tumult, emperors, popes, doges, when people dressed in purple and fine linen, and Beauty sat on a Venetian balcony and

kissed her hand furtively to the cavalier in the gondola? There were some splendid sunsets in those days, no doubt—

"The first in beauty shall be first in might."

The sunsets at Newport are often very beautiful. I saw one once in the summer of 1872, which was imperial in splendor. It was a world on fire; the crimson glories shot up from east and west, from north and south; there was no difference of glory in the west—the sun might have set in any quarter of the heavens. This phenomenon I have seen before, but have never had it explained. In the days of superstition it would have been considered an omen dire and fearful. It presaged nothing but a very hot day. Another feature of its splendor was its long duration. The sun died very slowly that night, and the glories of his curtained death-bed remained visible for an hour.

The last of these sunsets was seen from the deck of a steamship, just outside of the harbor of Brest. To those who are starting on a sea-voyage nothing is so cheerful and beautiful as a sunset such as this was—"a crystalline splendor, clear but not dazzling"—filled the west, and illuminated for us the receding shores of *la belle France* and the Channel Islands. We thought of Mary of Scotland, as she tearfully bade adieu to this lovely land. We thought, as we looked out to sea, of home and kindred, between whom and us lay the dread ocean. How many, how contradictory, how incoherent, are the ideas which cross one's mind, as such a scene, under such circumstances, flits before the "visual orbs." Security, peace, tranquillity, and gentle hope, these were our dreams and emotions—but, alas! the promise was delusive. We were caught next day in a circular storm, the sea became like pea-soup, we were tossed on the highest and most sickening waves, nor did we see another sunset until we entered the harbor of New York, where a wintry sky, clear and cold, and uncompromising, welcomed us to duty and to work, after a vacation in Europe which had been all recreation and pleasure:

"In vain our pent wills fret,
And would the world subdue;
Limits we did not set,
Condition all we do."

We cannot command our sunsets, nor the spirit in which to meet them; both must be accidental; but one thing is certain—it is an hour most dear to the whole human race. Toward the western heaven the poet looks for his inspiration; there the sighing lover looks, dreaming of his future; there the woman carries her disappointments, her sorrows, which she never tells; there the scholar looks, as he demands of himself courage to unfold a new idea. "Is not doubt the hand trembling, yet careful, that turns the telescope of earnest inquiry upon the heavens of truth?" "There look those who wear the purple," and wonder if to-morrow will be safe or sorrowful; thither look the dying, as if through those gates, which will soon open for them; there looks the tired laborer, thanking Heaven that another day's work is done; there looks the soldier, as he treads the disputed field; and the mother gathers

her little group about her, and shows them the wonders of the west, as if it were that land of faery which, while they are with her, but never afterward, they tread in sweet security. The whole human race attends the *coucher* of the sun. No monarch has such a following. Generally in silence, almost always in adoration, always in a more elevated and tender frame of mind than that which is our work-a-day habit, do we look at the sunset.

We are traveling thither, and it is natural for all wayworn people to think of the end of the journey.

M. E. W. S.

CHARLOTTE OF BRUNSWICK.

A FADING LEAF OF HISTORY.

ONE of the saddest tragedies, if it be one, one of the strangest mysteries, if it be one, dimly recorded in historic annals, is that of the Princess Charlotte Sophia, of Brunswick. The story, though an old one, is still but little known even in the dominions of the empire. The new light which a recent Russian writer has let in upon the facts has induced us to recall them at the present time.

On the 27th of January, 1689, the Czar Peter the Great was married, somewhat against his will, to Ewdokija Feodorowna Lapuchin, the daughter of a powerful Russian noble. On the 18th of February of the following year, his eldest child, Alexis Petrowitsch, was born and baptized.

Owing to the absence of maternal care—Peter, having quarreled with his spouse over a serious affair, had banished her to a convent very soon after marriage—the prince Alexis was left to himself, and, until his thirteenth year, was almost wholly neglected. During this interval, his mind lost all sense of decency and respect, and his unrestricted mode of living entailed upon him some of the worst of habits. When, at length, he was intrusted to the care of a learned German, Henry Huyssen, he made but small progress in the way of improvement. Euclid and algebra were found to be ill-suited to his wild and willful nature. But the poor tutor combated with the difficulties of his position about ten years, and then surrendered his princely pupil in disgust.

Meanwhile, the czar, who seems not to have been able to keep out of matrimony, had taken secretly unto himself another spouse, the daughter of a poor woman, and already famed as much for her modest deportment as for her attractive beauty. Nothing was more common in Russia and in all the Asiatic kingdoms than marriages between sovereigns and their subjects; but that an impoverished stranger, who had been discovered amid the ruins of a plundered town, should become the absolute sovereign of that very empire into which she was led captive, is an incident which fortune and merit have never before produced in the annals of the world. The charming captive, whose name was Martha, thus became, after her elevation to rank, Catharine I. of Russia.

It was quite natural that the future empress should wish to secure to her own children the right of succession to the throne. To reach this end, she poisoned the mind of the czar against his eldest son, and, in consequence of which, Herr Huyssen was ordered to give an account of the intellectual progress of his pupil. Of course the report which he made was unfavorable; whereupon the tutor was sent back to Germany, and the prince was banished into the interior of Russia. Here the latter demeaned himself with so much unreason that his imperial sire resolved to marry him forthwith.

An ambassador was sent to Germany intrusted with the delicate mission of reporting on the charms of all the high-born maidens of the Rhine-land. The list was forwarded to the court, and the *crème de la crème*, being selected by the czar, were honored with invitations to appear personally before him. Of course he reserved the right of rejecting all bidders.

In this matrimonial game money was no object; but beauty, grace, and mental culture, were every thing. Those who were so fortunate as not to be chosen were returned to their mammas, bearing the gifts of diamond necklaces and rings as compensation for their trouble. His majesty's choice fell upon the Princess Charlotte Sophia, of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, daughter of Duke Louis, the head of a branch line of the reigning house of Brunswick. Accordingly, the nuptials were celebrated at Targow, in the palace of the Queen of Poland, on the 25th of October, 1711. The bridegroom was in his twenty-second year, the bride in her eighteenth.

The Princess Charlotte was one of those soft and dreamy beauties, with fair blue eyes and a head full of romance, so often met with in Germany. At the time of her marriage she was little more than a child in years, and none the less so in manners and modes of thought. Alexis, on the contrary, was wholly given up to low, sensual pleasures, and mean, vicious company. At their earliest interview he had conceived an antipathy to his betrothed, and had no desire at all to marry.

As might have been expected under such circumstances, there was no love wasted by the young couple. From a state of indifference the prince lapsed into one of savagery, and on every occasion he did not hesitate to act toward his wife in the most brutal manner. When, at length, he received into his palace a former mistress, by the name of Eufrosine, and his wife made complaints to the czar, the prince was sorely enraged, and beat the princess most cruelly. A chastisement in return from the czar only made the affair worse. Charlotte, daily in tears, regretted her sorrowful plight, and longed to be released from her brutish lord. She even wrote to her father, Duke Louis, entreating him to take steps for dissolving her marriage. But Louis was as proud and haughty as she was weak, and would take no steps to overthrow that fortune which, he believed, was likely to make of his offspring an empress. However, he was not wholly insensible to the tortures of her situation. "Keep a watchful eye on my daughter," he beseeches the czar in

a letter recently disclosed, "for she is a lamb in gentleness, and ill-suited to the rough ways of a hot and hasty cavalier. I pray thee be pleased to restrain thy imperial son, and keep back the evil reports which come daily to my ears."

The birth of two children—Natalia, who died prematurely, and Peter, afterward Czar Peter II.—did not soften the evil tendencies of Alexis; on the contrary, it was the signal for a most terrible climax. While the princess was yet suffering from her confinement, Alexis, more in a fit of devilish wrath than of intoxication, struck her so savagely with his cane, that she fell senseless to the floor. Those who stood near thought that she was dead; and a few hours later her physician sent word to the czar that his daughter-in-law had been carried off by a sudden attack of hysterics!

Peter the Great received the intelligence of the princess's death on the 20th of October, 1715, and, being then at Schlusburg busily employed on his works, he set out instantly for the capital. On the way he himself was seized with illness, and was forced to take to his bed. In the midst of his grief the announcement came that the empress had been delivered of a prince, which speedily changed sadness into joy. In the ensuing confusion, poor Charlotte was almost forgotten. But rumor had already sounded her dread alarms, and Alexis, fearing the wrath of his father, had fled to his country-house.

Meanwhile a grand carnival proclaimed the new birth. Splendid entertainments, balls and fireworks, followed one another in rapid succession, and universal hilarity prevailed. Elsewhere, a coffin robed in black, and followed by only a few attendants, was borne into the fortress of St. Petersburg, and deposited in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. Later a horseman rode to the royal palace and announced that the remains of Princess Charlotte Sophia, consort of the heir-apparent of all the Russias, were interred.

Time elapsed, and it soon appeared that the czar had not really forgotten the gentle girl who, deserving a better fate, had missed her road to happiness; neither had he failed to notice the absence of his son. The death of the neglected wife was a sore affliction to Peter's mind; but he hoped that it might be the means of reforming the prince. Accordingly he wrote him a letter, accusing him of murder, but promising forgiveness if he would only amend his conduct. "I desire your answer personally or in writing," the letter concludes, "or I must deal with you as a criminal." Alexis replied, "I intend to embrace the monastic life, and I request your gracious consent to that effect."

For a while the affair was dropped, and the czar departed on a journey into Germany and France. The grand-duke, fearful of his life, fled, accompanied by his mistress, to quarters unknown. Seven months passed away, during which time the czar heard nothing from his son. One day two Russian envoys overtook Alexis in Naples, and placed in his hands a letter from his father. "If you do not return home," it read, "by virtue of the power I have received from God as

your sire, I pronounce against you my everlasting curse; and, as your sovereign, I can assure you I shall find ways to punish you; which I hope, as my cause is just, God will take it in hand and assist me in avenging it."

When entreaties failed, the envoys had recourse to strategy. One of them offered a large sum of money to Eufrosine if she would induce Alexis to throw himself at the feet of his father. She plied her art of persuasion so well that on the following day the prince set out for Moscow. Upon his arrival the great bell tolled; a gloomy council was convened in the castle; and the clergy said mass in the cathedral. In solemn tones the czar pronounced malediction on his son Alexis, deprived him of succession to the throne, and even disinherited him in the presence of the whole assembly. "Never was prince forgotten," says the royal record, "in so sovereign and authentic a manner."

A trial for high-treason followed this awful humiliation; and, on the 7th of July, 1718, it was publicly announced that the Grand-duke Alexis had died in prison, "in consequence of over-excitement." Recent research proves that he was murdered by a German named Weide, at the order of Peter the Great.

At this point the tragedy may be said to end; and the mystery, if such it was, to begin.

Twenty years later, Chevalier Bossu published in Paris a book which is now a rare curiosity, entitled "New Travels in North America in a Series of Letters," in which he affirmed that he had seen the Princess Charlotte, "who was thought to have died long ago," at a plantation in Louisiana. She was, he said, there well known by her own name; and that he had the full particulars of her romantic career. From these statements, corrected by the recent researches of Kersakoff, who, having had free access to imperial records at St. Petersburg, has at length disclosed the truth, we shall briefly complete one of the strangest stories in existence.

As early as 1714 the Countess of Königsmark, mother of Maurice of Saxony, and an attendant on the Princess Charlotte, urged the latter to escape from Russia in the guise of a servant. But the plan was frustrated. In the following year, and amid the joy which announced the birth of a son of Catharine, the princess, having somewhat recovered from the assault already mentioned, was secretly placed on board a Prussian vessel, and landed on the southern shore of the Baltic.

At the same time the countess and the physician played a bold game. A sham burial was originated. A wax figure, skillfully moulded, was placed in a coffin, which, while the bells were tolling, was hurried away and consigned to a sepulchre in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. There were but few mourners, and the ceremony was brief. A false announcement was speeded to the capital, and no one, in the excitement of the hour, paused even to give it reflection.

At the proper season, the princess, having recovered and regained sufficient strength, proceeded to Strasburg, and thence to Paris. Here she disposed of her jewelry, and, in company with Swiss emigrants, set sail for

America. She arrived at New Orleans, where she was recognized and saluted by Count d'Aubaut, a member of the French diplomatic service, who had formerly known her well, and, we may add, become enamored of her at St. Petersburg.

The count was a handsome fellow, but very shy. He had not the courage, even when confident that some unknown cause had estranged her from her husband, to ingratiate himself in the princess's favor. But day and night he was haunted by her matchless beauty, and yet circumstances compelled them to remain longer apart.

After a while the princess, still regarding her Swiss companions as in one sense her guides, followed them from their first landing in New Orleans to a place fifty miles up the river. Here she purchased a small plantation, and, with the help of others, planned to cultivate it. Count d'Aubaut had not ceased to dog her footsteps. Wherever she went he pursued, until a bright idea entered into his mind.

Having assured himself of her determination to remain always in America, the count hastened back to New Orleans, and from the governor-general, who was his near relative, obtained a perpetual ownership of a large tract of land bordering on the Mississippi, together with a release from his diplomatic service.

This tract of land happened to adjoin the estate of the Princess Charlotte; and, having erected a small dwelling for himself, he looked forward to the day when perchance Fortune might permit him to enlarge it for the reception of his idol.

The days and the weeks passed by, and the count had succeeded in winning the friendship of the princess. This friendship daily became more intimate; and, while the princess no longer hesitated to disclose the story of her misfortunes, the count became most sincere in his expression of sympathy. He was not blind to perceive that his own eminently handsome appearance, his perfect and graceful manners, and his fine culture, made a deep impression upon the heart of the lonely lady; and the courtesy and confidence with which she always received him made him bold to sue for her heart and hand. But no; she resolutely refused any offer of marriage.

Count d'Aubaut was in despair, and to tarry longer in the presence of one whom he could not claim as his own was death itself. Abandoning his estate, and bidding farewell to the princess, he returned to New Orleans, where he engaged passage on board a vessel bound for Marseilles. In less than an hour the ship was to sail, and the count had already ended his preparations for departure. With an idle turn of mind he paced to and fro upon the deck; a small package lay there, on which a half-sheet of a newspaper, the *Mercur Hollandois* of the year 1718, had been placed by some strange hand. His eyes dropped, and rested for a moment on a fateful paragraph; and there he read, as one not sorrowful, of the death of the Grand-duke Alexis at St. Petersburg!

It is easier to imagine his feelings than to describe them. Grasping the paper and

folding it away in his pocket, exchanging a few words with the commander of the vessel, and making arrangements as to his luggage, he leaped into a small-boat and was rowed ashore. Not ten hours had elapsed before he was again at the feet of the princess.

Only a few words were interchanged, and her doom was sealed. There was no obstacle in the way; and she had shed her last tear before the portrait of him whom she loved even amid hatred. Two months later the Princess Charlotte, with simple ceremony, became the Countess d'Aubaut.

How suddenly, at times, a change falls upon a scene of happiness and contentment; and how unexpectedly the bitter enters into the sweet! Only a few brief years had sealed the union of a loving couple when Count d'Aubaut fell dangerously ill. "There is no hope of a recovery," said the physician to the faithful wife, "save in a speedy return to Europe." The princess—for surely fortune may not alter her rank!—was quick to heed. Gathering together her all, she, her husband, and their little daughter, sailed first to Le Havre, and thence to Paris.

At Paris she lived in the utmost retirement, nursing her husband and caring tenderly for her child. Occasionally she would wander unattended through the garden of the Tuileries, without disclosing either her name or her singular fortune. One day during one of these solitary promenades she was unexpectedly joined by her daughter, to whom she addressed a few words in German. A gentleman who happened to be passing by was thus attracted to her. For a single instant their eyes met, and she knew that her secret was discovered, for the gentleman was no other than Count Maurice of Saxony, temporarily sojourning in Paris.

She could not prevent him from addressing her by her own name, nor refuse his company to her own humble lodgings. But she exacted his promise not to betray her secret to any one before three months should have elapsed.

Once a week Count Maurice found himself at the abode of the princess, to whom he was in the habit of bringing sundry good things for her happiness. At last, however, he found during one of his visits no need of calling again. The whole family, "tempted of the devil," said Count Maurice, had fled to parts unknown! Half in anger and half in despair, the count discovered the princess's secret to King Louis XIV., who at once wrote an autograph letter to the Queen of Hungary, the eldest daughter of Duke Louis of Brunswick. In this missive he assured her of the safety of her sister, and added, "The king will not prove chary of his best services to induce the princess, who seems to have been pursued by some ill-fortune, to return to that family which has long mourned her decease."

I know not what confidential method the king resorted to to insure the fulfillment of his promise. But certain it is that, when the Count d'Aubaut and his wife were again discovered by the officials of his majesty, it was not in France, but in Louisiana! They had returned thither in a vessel sailing direct from Nantes.

After long intercession, the couple were

induced by the governor-general to repair, on board a Dutch vessel, to the Isle of Bourbon, where they resided for many years. In 1754 the count was removed by an epidemic fever, and his death was soon followed by that of his child.

In the succeeding autumn, 1755, the widow, whose cup of sorrow was now filled to the brim, went to live in the Faubourg Montmartre, near Paris, but six years later she retired to Brussels, at the invitation of some of her old friends. The story of her misfortunes, though made known to a precious few, reached the ears of Ferdinand Albert II., Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, who allowed her an annual pension of sixty thousand florins.

Although constantly beset by troubles on all sides, and even persecuted by the Romish propaganda, she resisted all invitations to again join her family. By deeds of charity, she endeared herself to the poor of Brussels, and finally died, a steadfast believer in Protestantism, in September, 1772, aged seventy-eight.

Perhaps this is all that will ever be known of the story of the sorrowed wife of the Grand-duke Alexis. For many years after her death, the most remarkable incidents of her career were concealed from the public; and, until recently, historical researches were powerless to recall them. There can be no doubt that her eventful life was surrounded with even darker mystery than has yet been cleared up. But, even as it is, its romanticism imparts to it an air of falsehood; while, on the other hand, the knowledge of sworn testimony makes the seeming fiction more remarkable than truth. The poet, if not the historian, may yet pay honest tribute to the memory of the ill-starred Charlotte of Brunswick.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

A WELSH MINING FEUD.

DR. PETER WILLIAMS, the recently-deceased coroner of Flintshire, Wales, was at the time of his death the oldest coroner in Great Britain. He was very deaf, very old, and brimful of "yarns" connected with his official experience. What he termed the "Buckley Mountain Feud" was one of the most interesting and sanguinary of the many cases in which his professional services had been called in requisition.

What is called Buckley Mountain is an elevated table-land about three miles east of the market-town of Mold. Its inhabitants were formerly a savage, quarrelsome race, divided like the Scottish Highlanders into "clans." There were the Williamses, the Joneses, the Hugheses, the Griffiths, the Morgans, and the Shepherds, and bitter family feuds often raged between them. Coal-mining and coarse-stone pottery manufacture employed most of the adult males; and it was no infrequent occurrence to see the military ordered from Chester to suppress their internecine conflicts. The soil is mostly freehold, and the coal-mines are worked on the principle of shares—each mine being divided into thirty-two shares, and each share being designated "a half an ounce."

At one time eight relatives of the name of Hughes were associated with an equal number of the name of Roberts in working what was termed the Great Ash Mine, so named from the fact that the shaft had been put down close to an immense ash-tree. The coal lay deeper here than in most other sections of the mountain, but it was a thicker seam, and of superior quality, and the Hugheses and the Griffiths were hence esteemed particularly fortunate all over the mountain. There were a good deal of rivalry and frequent quarrels among them; but it was mostly good-natured rivalry carried on by boasting, feats of strength, and physical prowess. But when it became widely known that Evan Hughes, a handsome, stalwart young man of twenty, and Samuel Griffiths, an equally lithe and promising young Hercules, were bitter rivals for the heart of Miss Anne Shepherd, everybody in Buckley knew there was strife a-brewing.

Anne was the daughter of a stone-pottery manufacturer, who, without education, had risen from the ranks, and accumulated a handsome fortune. Wealth did not make him arrogant. He was still "hail fellow, well met!" with every hard-toiling miner on the mountain; and he did not hesitate to state, when in his cups in the Red Lion parlor of a night, that Sam Griffiths and Evan Hughes were the two brightest young men on the mountain, and that he would be satisfied with either of them for a son-in-law.

Sam and Evan had wrestled, and run, and jumped, and pitched the stone, with varying success, and with eager animosity. Nothing but Anne's threat that she would discard the first one who made a blackguard of himself kept them from open and deadly hostilities. Both knew she was a girl of pluck, and would keep her word, and hence their fierce spirits were kept in the outward bond of peace.

Meantime, the Great Ash Colliery was turning out well; the seam was promising, and the "dip" was very gradual and uniform. It was, therefore, resolved to sink another shaft directly north of, and about two thousand feet from the Great Ash Shaft; and it was estimated that, by the time this new shaft was put down, the workings would be driven from the Great Ash to meet it, and thus secure perfect ventilation by means of an "up-cast" and a "downcast" shaft. Evan Hughes and Sam Griffiths were employed to sink the new shaft, which was christened the Great Oak. They took alternate shifts of four hours, one "boring," while the other, assisted by an old bank's-man, named Bill Conway, drew up the clay and stone with a rope and windlass. When they descended to the limestone, each man drilled his blast-hole with a hand-hammer, like that used by stonedressers, drilling it about twelve inches deep, and then charging it with coarse blasting-powder. No fuse was used for igniting the charge; but a copper-pointed "needle" was placed on the powder, and allowed to stand until the hole was tightly stemmed with clay-slate. Then the needle was carefully withdrawn, and the hole filled with a finer grain of powder. The "shot" being thus far prepared, the man below sang out for the cord, when one end of a tightly-twisted line was

let down the shaft, and then securely stemmed into the top of the shot-hole. The bottom end of the line being now secured, and surrounded by fine powder, and the other end in the hands of the bank's-man, the man below gave the usual signal, and was forthwith drawn to bank. A red-hot ring, three or four inches in diameter, was then taken from the "hut" fire; the end of the cord was quickly passed through it; the ring shot down the shaft, and the blast was fired.

One fine spring day Sam and old Bill Conway were at bank, and Evan below had just prepared his blast in the manner described, and had given the signal to be hauled to bank. It was nearly noon, and a half-witted son of the old bank's-man was walking quietly along behind an adjoining hedge with his father's dinner. He heard the "shot" fired, and hurried to the pit-heap. There he saw Sam Griffiths jumping and swearing around; he saw the smoke pouring up the shaft; he saw his father's little dog; but he saw neither his father nor Evan Hughes.

"Where's fayther and Yeaven?" asked the poor, half-witted lad.

Sam's blood was up, and he struck poor Dick on the cheek and blacked his eye. The lad ran home, and Sam went half-way to the Great Oak Shaft, howling wildly for assistance. The fearfully-mutilated bodies of young Hughes and the old man Conway were brought to bank, and a few hours after Coroner Peter Williams held an inquest. Sam Griffiths was the only important witness. He testified that Bill Conway, being old and stupid, had, at Evan Hughes's signal to "wind up," gone for the red-hot ring by mistake. That, seeing the old man's terrible blunder, he (Sam) had rushed from behind the "hut," where he had been asleep, to prevent the mischief, but that he had only arrived in time to see the glowing ring shoot down the shaft. Almost instantly, the old man had discovered his fearful error, and, stricken with horror and remorse, he had plunged head-first down the shaft just as the smoke and *débris* from the blast were rising. "It was all the work of half a minute," he said to the coroner and jury; "and it was all over before I could reach the spot. As for 'shouting,' I was struck speechless with fear." The jury accepted the explanation—there was none other to offer—and, though the silly lad Conway, by his curious antics and expressive pantomime, seemed to have something on his mind, he did not understand the nature of an oath, and was consequently not sworn.

There were imposing funeral-services in Buckley on the following Sunday. The village maidens, with white handkerchiefs on their heads, and sprigs of rosemary, rue, and balm, in their hands, walked before Evan Hughes's coffin, singing pathetic dirges, until the graveyard was reached; but Anne Shepherd had been seized with a fit when she heard the fatal tidings, and was unable to attend the young man's funeral.

Time passed. The Hughes family began to repine less for the untimely end of the pride of their family. The Great Ash and the Great Oak Shafts were now each in operation, and the workings underground had

been materially extended. Another cousin filled Evan Hughes's place, and there was still a sharp rivalry between the eight Griffiths and the eight Hugheses.

In order to make plain what is to follow, a short explanation of the mine is necessary. The two shafts, then, occupied each an end of the long side of a parallelogram—the Great Ash, or "downcast shaft," at the south, and the Great Oak, or "upcast shaft," at the north. From each shaft a drift two hundred feet long ran due east, and the parallelogram was completed by running another drift north and south, joining the ends of these two easterly drifts. They had thus cut clear round a rectangular mass of coal, two thousand feet long by two hundred feet broad, which they would work away by sections and pillars until it was exhausted. The air that descended the Great Ash Shaft, had it been permitted, would have rushed along the straight gallery and right up the Great Oak Shaft, without ventilating the three other sides of the parallelogram where the men were working; but there were massive doors placed close to the foot of each shaft in the straight gallery between them, to divert the air through the workings. There was a large escape of gas from the coal-face, and the pure air that descended the Great Ash Shaft consequently ascended the Great Oak very much charged with carburetted hydrogen. The mine was worked on two shifts. On alternate weeks the Hughes party went down the Great Oak Shaft at 4 A. M. and worked till 12 M., while the Griffiths party descended the Great Ash at 4 P. M. and worked till midnight. Each party had their own doorkeeper, whose sole duty it was to see that the door was kept shut at all times, or closed instantly after any person connected with the mine had passed through it. Although there was a considerable escape of gas, the air-current was so direct and strong that the men worked with open oil-lamps; and, albeit, there had been pretty severe "blowers," as sudden spurts of local gas are termed, no danger was apprehended by either of the gangs who owned and worked the mine.

It was now three years since Evan Hughes met his sad fate; and on a fine May morning there were great rejoicings in the village. Bunting waved from every available flag-staff, and the gutters in front of the four ale-houses literally ran beer. The Griffiths were in high feather, for Sam and Anne Shepherd had been married in the morning. Long before noon the bride's proud sire was purple in the face with pledging the young couple, and with urging others to do likewise. Gayly-dressed groups of youths and maidens danced round the May-pole on the village green, and everybody was in a supreme state of enjoyment—all except Mrs. Hughes, poor Evan's mother, and Hannah, his twin sister. The merry-making palled on their hearts. It recalled the lost one—the flower of the flock who had so miserably perished, and who to-day might have been Anne Shepherd's husband. Therefore, they retired early in the evening, and by closing doors and windows tried to exclude the sounds of merriment. While the day's festivities were being prolonged far into the night, the mother and daughter re-

tired to rest. Sleep fell upon their sad eyes; and each woman dreamed a dream—a dream so marvelously uniform in detail that it was as if the two had sat and watched the same tableau.

They saw the three men sinking the Great Oak Shaft; they saw Evan charge and prime his shot, and then attach the end of the "firing-cord;" they heard him give the signal to be hauled to bank; they saw old Bill Conway begin to turn the windlass; they saw Sam Griffiths steal out of the "hut" with the red-hot ring and slip it down the rope; they saw the old man quit hold of the windlass in horror; and they saw the powerful young murderer dash the old man down the shaft in the face of the shower of stones thrown up by the explosion.

Mother and daughter awoke in the solemn midnight and discussed their dream with trembling and with awe. And they clung to each other, and comforted each other, and tried not to believe it. Just then John Hughes, the husband and father of the two women, entered; and after some banter—he was in liquor—the women again slept.

"It was a most extraordinary circumstance," Coroner Williams used to say, "but both these women dreamed the self-same dream over again."

In the morning Mrs. Hughes met Dick Conway, the idiot lad, took him aside, and questioned him about what he saw that day when he lost his father. He indicated by dumb show how some one was thrown down the shaft, and how some one else was struck on the face, meaning himself.

Mrs. Hughes shortly after died. The doctors who attended her were not agreed respecting her malady; but Dr. Jones, of Mold, was certain that her mind was gone, and that she was the victim of hallucinations. Hannah, the twin daughter, now devoted herself exclusively to her father. She would frequently descend the Great Oak Shaft while he was at work, and carry ale, hot coffee, tea, etc., to him; and consequently she achieved a kind of envied notoriety on the mountain for her bravery in descending the coal-mine. She had several admirers; but her kind words and light looks seemed reserved for her father. On his part, he repaid her with an affectionate admiration that approached idolatry; and it was his boast that when his head was laid low Hannah would be a lady.

On a dark December midnight, a few months after her mother's death, Hannah Hughes and the idiot lad Conway stole quietly away from Buckley village and proceeded toward the Great Oak Shaft. Her father and his companions would have stopped work at twelve o'clock, and the two nocturnal pedestrians avoided the road by which the miners would return to their homes. When Hannah and Dick reached the pit-heap all was still as the grave. The horse had been loosed from the "giu" windlass, and lay sleeping in his straw, and not a star cheered the gloomy vault of heaven. Hannah soon obtained a light; the stable-door was opened; the gin-horse was harnessed and hitched into the accustomed shafts for raising the coal; the young woman took her seat on the "corve," or basket, and told Dick to "lower away."

Into the black, yawning pit she descended without fear or trepidation, and when the bottom was reached she stepped briskly out of the "corve," proceeded to the air-door near the bottom of the shaft, and securely propped it open. Then she walked along the two thousand feet that separated her from the Great Ash Shaft, and, reaching the air-door there, securely propped it open. The air-current now shot direct along the shortest route between the two shafts, and by its violence extinguished her light; but she returned undismayed by the darkness or the inequalities of the rugged tramway, until she reached the shaft where she had descended. Then she shouted to Dick, who started the horse, and she was wound up until she reached the bank in safety. The horse was now unhitched and returned to the stable, and the girl and the crazy lad made quick progress homeward.

Before daybreak, every man and woman on Buckley mountain was plunged into a paroxysm of grief and wailing. The Great Oak and Ash Colliery had exploded, and, with the exception of the door-keeper, every man of the Griffiths gang, who had gone to work at 4 A. M., was torn and scorched into shreds and patches and scoria of humanity. As far as the coroner could gather from the door-man's *ante-mortem* statement, he had gone down the pit as usual, but had almost immediately been horror-struck to discover that the door was open and that the air was blowing straight along the Great Ash Gallery instead of coming along the eastern workings. Thereupon, he had slammed the door and had run as fast as he was able to shut the door at the other end of the gallery. The miners, meantime, had returned into their workings and were shouting and swearing about the air. When both doors were closed, the air returned into its proper course, carrying with it all the gas that had accumulated during these four hours. Of course, it ignited like a spark of gunpowder, and with irresistible force swept through the mine and burst up the two shafts with a gigantic tongue of flame and a report like Titanic artillery.

The idiot boy had remained out of bed in expectation of some catastrophe, and when he saw the two vivid flashes and heard the heavy reports, he danced around the village street, crying "Hoorah! hoorah! for Hannah Griffiths and me! Who's got a black eye now? Hoorah!"

By this demonstration of crazy Dick, Hannah was suspected, and she made an open confession of the terrible crime to Coroner Peter Williams, stating, at the same time, that she had been incited to the deed by the double dream and the certainty that Samuel Griffiths had murdered her twin brother. She was lodged in Flint Castle to await her trial, but evaded her probable fate by suicide.

JAMES WIGHT.

SQUABBLING.

IT is a vice, a disease, a mere bad habit, or what? At first sight it is a most puzzling trick of poor humanity; and apparently an incurable one. Who ever knew two or more

persons to squabble for a time, and then to leave off for good? The very essence of squabbling is that it is incessant, or at any rate intermittent. Then, nothing else is so full of delusions—not even love. To a non-squabbler, one who squabbles is like

"He that would stem a stream with sand,
Or fetter flame with silken band."

or attempt something equally futile. Some of the features of squabbling are almost refreshing in their extreme strangeness. Take aside any individual squabbler; withdraw him out of ear-shot of the one or more of his fellow-creatures whom he is in the habit of exercising the cunning of his trade with, and then twit him sharply on the subject. We will imagine a few of his retorts, leaving out the remarks which call them forth, as too obvious for specification:

"I a squabbler? Heavens! are you crazy? Why, I'm the most peaceable creature on earth! It is absurd for you to preach to me; go and talk to *them*! Why can't they leave me alone, I should like to know? I never attack any one; what you heard me say was simply in self-defense!"

Still there is a *raison d'être* in all things. No doubt if people realized the futility of their ostensible ends in squabbling, they would give up practice then and there; but it is quite certain that would be a safe course to pursue! Is it not owing to the reckless destruction of spiders that we are infested so insupportably by flies? "Always hesitate to pull down," says somebody, "unless you are ready with something better to build up." On reflection we find there are too many of our acquaintance of undoubted brains who indulge in squabbling, for there not to be some sort of reason or advantage in the pursuit. Surely so venerable and wide-spread an institution must have "something in it," notwithstanding that squabbling has its unpleasant side, even as medicine, surgery, and the galls, have theirs. Of course all serious quarrels, wherein important interests constitute the bone of contention, must here be left quite out of the question. There is something in the very sound of the word which proclaims it petty. "Squabbling!" The poor, mean, little dissyllable seems to say: "I am a mongrel begot by ridicule and born of contempt. Not those who practise what I describe ever stood sponsors at my christening. Though whole hours are devoted to me in kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, I am always banished from the latter the moment any company arrives; and if from long habit I so far forget myself as to thrust my nose in before visitors, they invariably rise and depart in all haste, leaving their hosts a prey to shame and vexation—who nevertheless instantly take me again to their embraces; and, strange to say, while condemning me in the bitterest language—often cursing me with terrible oaths—and laying on each other the blame of having called me in, they yet remain completely devoted to me both then and ever after."

Persons who are sane on all other subjects talk the wildest folly upon this. We have said very few squabblers admit that they squabble at all, and those who do admit it claim that they squabble purely for the reformation or improvement of the squabbles. A mother is constantly nagging away at a daughter—unmarried, of course—of say six-and-twenty winters. The latter looks worn and blighted. It is wonderful that after all those years mamma should not have found out that the system is a failure, and either changed it, or tried the effect of no system at all, since

such a course might improve matters, and could hardly make them worse. It is—"Matilda! I'm sick of telling you! Day after day, year after year, it's always the same thing! Why will you sweep the wall with your dress?"

Or, "Tilda, you have left every thing in disgraceful confusion on the writing-table; and how often am I to remind you not to stoop your shoulders?"

Of course this is mere nagging, but the moment Tilda retorts there is a squabble. Everybody pities poor Tilda, but, though she may deserve compassion, it must not be supposed she is blameless. Very few mothers are incurable naggers, and it takes two to squabble; so that if mademoiselle did not meet the maternal progs and digs with "Mamma, you are always at me! do try to leave me alone!" or, "I don't want to be improved; if you want to get rid of me don't bother all the color out of my cheeks, and all the flesh off my bones; and then perhaps I shall get married!" she would probably soon cure her parent of her failing, and find soft, motherly smiles succeeding to what a witty author has called "an eye like ma's to threaten and command."

We have all known people joined by the closest family ties who apparently spend their days in constant warfare, and yet, when parted, almost live on each other's letters; and if death has called one of such away, we have seen the survivor left far more inconsolable than many who have lived in a perpetual interchange of what may be called Count Fosco's sugar-plums. Then comes endless self-reproach, not only for harshness shown to the deceased, but for so much time worse than wasted which might have been made enjoyable by an harmonious intercourse now forever out of reach. There is something almost too tragic for the present occasion in the sublime words of George Eliot, yet we cannot resist quoting them as a precious warning to all squabblers:

"When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

It is at such times that *the desire to reform others, and a praiseworthy wish not to be trodden upon*—those two cloaks of self-deception under which squabblers are never tired of showing themselves—turn out to be only miserable masquerades which have all along been transparent to every eye but their own, and in fact no disguises at all.

What, then, is the real cause—good, bad, or indifferent—of this seemingly despicable and dreary habit? To adopt a familiar rule, nothing can lead us more truly to discover causes than an examination of the conditions of existence. For example, malignant fevers are most common where overcrowding, want of ventilation, and want of cleanliness, prevail: whence, it is a received opinion that these things *produce* fevers; so, if we ask where squabbling most flourishes, the answer will be in dull, isolated, vulgar, uneducated, or idle homes. Whoever heard of people who live in a whirl of refined society squabbling?

Now, why is this? Nature abhors a stagnation almost as much as she does a vacuum; and we believe she urges certain forlorn people to squabble, under various self-deceiving pretexes, with the real object of circulating their blood. Much in the same way does she perform the useful task of developing a baby's lungs by prompting it to roar for the moon; and these delusions are necessary, because, of course, neither babies nor their elders would adopt such troublesome methods as bawling and squalling merely for the good of their

health "if they knew it." Here, we suspect, lies the key to the whole mystery, and what conversation does for those who can converse, squabbling accomplishes for such as cannot; and this reminds us of the case of a young gentleman who for several weeks had made himself very agreeable to a certain young lady, though not in the way of flirtation; and, as we have said our little say about squabbling, we will conclude this paper with the circumstance which brought their intimacy to a premature close. Well, they saw so much of each other that in time the young lady imprudently took to diverting herself by picking the young gentleman to pieces, or, in other words, by telling him to his face all the good and bad she thought of him. After thus bantering on to a considerable extent, but with perfect impunity, she at last one day ventured to say:

"I think you generally talk well; but you would show to far greater advantage if you sifted the grain from the chaff. Why do you talk so much?"

"Oh," he replied, with great sincerity, "I've no choice in the matter. I'm ordered to talk four hours a day by my doctor."

Need we add that the young lady was furious, still more with herself than with "her young man!"

CHARLES ALLERTON.

ADORATION.

I HAVE sought the intensest ways to best adore you,

I have lain my soul's last treasure at your feet;

Yet I tremble as in thought I bend before you,
With abasement and abashment and defeat,

Knowing well that all the love I ever bore you
Is requital weak of worth and incomplete!

As one might seize a lyre, across it sweeping
His fleet precipitate hand that has no care,
Imperiously upon the strained strings heaping
A mightier melody than these can bear,
So Love has taken my life within his keeping
And smitten it with great strokes that
scorn to spare!

I am less than that which thrills me or entrances,

As a wounded bird is less than they that fly;

As the suppliant surge that arches or advances,
Than the resolute rock-mass where it comes to die;

As a violet's color than the bland expanses,
The unshadowed calms of overcurving sky!

Desiring from my soul to have given you greatly

Of my thanks for your great love-gift given to me,

I am slight as some poor rivulet flowing straitly

Near all the abundant splendors of the sea,
And my worship is as nothingness by the stately
Magnificence of what it fain would be!

Over my soul, in hours of meditation,
Murmurs a voice with monotonous that tire:

"God meant not that from this deep adoration
This vehement joy should feed me and should fire,

Looking on life, in passionate elation,
From heights that so transcendently aspire!"

Full soon, I know it, while they shall strain to free not,

From these idolatrous arms you shall be torn;

You are fated from my days to pass and be not,
Like all of rare and fair they have ever worn!
I am doomed, although the stealthy doom I see not;

I feast, albeit I die to-morrow morn!

You or your love, you are fated soon to falter
And vanish away, since here no sweet thing dwells;

No voice among blithe birds that take for psalter

The world at spring-tide, caroling what it tells;

No light, no flower, no moon that fails to alter,

No song, no mellow minglement of bells!

Yet, though you vanish, memory shall cling dust-like

To hours when your first kiss first met my mouth!

Though on loved lands the annulling snow lie crust-like,

Can we forget the old winds that blew from south?

Forget the old green of lands where lingers rust-like

The dull disfiguring leprosy of drouth!

And I, in reverent and memorial manner,
Shall dream of you divinely and be stirred,

As sad Arcadia dreams of how Diana
Made silvery limbs and laughter seen or heard—

As some rude crag-tower that wild grasses banner,

Dreams of how lit there a great white strange bird!

Yet, let me at least love Fortune while she blesses,

No: vainly cavil at bliss because it flies;

Let me, not dim the sun with doubts and guesses,

But pluck the flower-like day before it dies;

Catch the fleet hour by back-flung robe or tresses,

And plunge a long strong look in her sweet eyes!

But ah! the vanity of desire, when kneeling,
We yearn for utterance that no god will teach!

When, at the finite bounded heart's appealing,
An infinite boundless love evades its reach!

When the waves of deep ungovernable feeling

Dash powerless on the baffling gates of speech!

My fervidest language hath an utter lightness,
My deeds devoutest are as deeds undone,

Do I mark your marble arm that slopes to slightness,

Or see the clear smile at your lips begun!

That opulent smile, beneath whose lavish brightness

You are like a lily overbrimmed with sun!

Who am I for whom the hand of hope is sending

Her freshest olive-spry, her dearest dove?

Who am I that thus, though made for mortal ending,

I sit Alcides-like with gods above?

Who am I that dares, however lowly-bending,
Be laureled with the chaplet of your love?

How am I blest that have not met with scorn-
ing,

Yet walk where worthier feet might well
have trod,

Being thrilled as earth at April's earliest warn-
ing,

Through amplitudes of winter-withered
sod,

Or shadowy meadows when the feet of morning
Are beautiful upon the hills of God!

The illimited love I bear you ever urges

My ardent soul through deeps of distance
new,

While far aloof, where mind in spirit merges,
Fresh deeps of distance ever rise to view,

Like those dim lines that seem, o'er leagues
of surges,

Bastions of mist below the vaulted blue!

Oh, for a hand its ruinous blows to dash on

The expansive spirit's narrowing chains and
bars!

Oh, for a voice that lordlier phrase might fash-
ion

Than this cold human phrase, which frets
and mars!

Oh, for a heart with room for all its passion,
As hollow heaven has room for all her
stars!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DURING the progress of the Beecher trial, we refrained from uttering an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. Now that the legal trial is finished, we consider it our duty to form one of the great jury of the public, before whom the case now stands—a jury whose verdict is as important to the great interests of morality and justice as that of the twelve men before whom the trial was conducted.

The legal evidence of adultery by Mr. Beecher seems to be almost nothing. There probably never was a case of a similar nature so almost wholly empty of evidence directly supporting the accusation. In adultery suits there are very generally a great many facts educed that unmistakably indicate the illicit intercourse of the persons accused. They are seen together under suspicious circumstances; their correspondence gives evidence of their amours; it is even usually possible to show when and where the crime has been committed. In the Brooklyn trial there was almost nothing of this nature in the least entitled to credit. Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton were once found together by Mr. Tilton, who describes the accused as being flushed in the face. This is a rather slight incident upon which to base so grave a charge as adultery. There was really nothing important educed in the long trial but certain letters, and the testimony of those who asserted that Mr. Beecher had declared his guilt to them. Now the testimony of these witnesses does not establish the fact that Mr. Beecher was confessing adultery; he did confess a wrong done to Mr. Tilton, but that the wrong was adultery there is nothing

whatever to show. There is not the least legal evidence of the fact. The general public may construe the meaning to be this, or they may construe the meaning to be something else; but we cannot see how a jury bound down to the facts submitted to it has any authority to assume that utterances wholly vague and indefinite in character have a definite meaning. Mr. Beecher emphatically denies that he made any such confessions; and while the witnesses may have honestly assumed that his accusations against himself were of the sin of adultery, there is no absolute evidence whatsoever that they were so. All this is also true of the much-talked-of letters of Mr. Beecher. That these letters show that the writer is very contrite for a certain wrong there is no denying; but there is no just ground for assuming that this wrong was adultery. The letters contain a great deal, indeed, that renders the theory of adultery wholly inadmissible.

It would be unjust under any circumstances to find a man guilty of a crime under such purely constructive evidence—by boldly declaring that utterances and circumstances wholly clear under one explanation *must* mean something more and something different; and assuredly the reputation of those connected with this case demands a fair and liberal interpretation of whatever is obscure, doubtful, or even suspicious in any of the facts elicited. It is assuredly a great deal easier to believe that Mr. Beecher is innocent of the crime of which he is accused, notwithstanding all the circumstances so industriously and ingeniously marshaled against him, than to believe a man of his character and standing could have fallen so low. Do those who believe him to be guilty fully realize what it is they affirm? They are not declaring simply that Mr. Beecher is an adulterer, but the most brazen-faced hypocrite in the land, and not only a hypocrite but an audacious perjurer—that he is wholly without truth, without conscience, without principle, without honor. But hypocrisy and perjury are simply parts and continuations of the crime, it is argued in some quarters. It is quite true that one crime leads to another; and ordinarily protestations of innocence are not of much value. But in this case the protestations have been made with so much solemnity, with such earnest directness, with such passionate and heart-wrung fervor, that if the man is really guilty then he is absolutely the most unprincipled wretch in Christendom. Any clergyman guilty of this sin, and who, while still declaring before God and man his innocence, could deliver such an address to his congregation as Mr. Beecher did a few nights after the close of the trial, would be a monster. The word is none too strong. No! Mr. Beecher's guilt under all these circumstances is inconceivable. No man living, not a long and confirmed criminal, would be strong enough, nor his heart hard

enough, nor his conscience dead enough for such a crime. Mr. Beecher's situation has been often compared to that of the guilty clergyman in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." But Dimmesdale only concealed his sin; he was not a hypocrite, inasmuch as he did not continue in his sin, and he was overwhelmed with remorse; he did not preach a doctrine of morality that he did not accept and endeavor to act upon; and he never added falsehood or perjury to his offense. Fond as romance-writers are of depicting great crimes, it yet remains for a master of fiction to paint a character so atrociously wicked as Mr. Beecher is if the charge against him be true. We are asked by his accusers to believe too much. Confronting the whole mass of purely constructive evidence stands the character and life of the man—and these should outweigh every thing but very positive evidence of guilt. And not only does the man's but the woman's character fully deny the probability of the crime. In such a sin there must be not only a man who does violence to all right principles, but a woman who outrages her instincts, who proves false to husband, children, faith, and her long life of virtue. Mrs. Tilton with pathetic eloquence pleads her innocence; and she like Mr. Beecher is entitled to the benefit of every doubt that pertains to the question.

BUT, while we think that there is little or no direct evidence of Mr. Beecher's guilt, and can but assume under all the circumstances that he is innocent, we are far from being in sympathy with those social conditions and those emotional spasms out of which the sickening scandal arose. Mr. Beecher had no right to so conduct himself as to fall under suspicion. Next to the obligation of living an upright life is the duty of making that uprightness to appear, and of avoiding all conduct that might have a suspicious seeming. It is exacted of a woman that she shall not only be virtuous, but that her conduct shall be so circumspect and guarded that no one shall have occasion to call her virtue in question. No less than this is due from clergymen; no less, indeed, is possible with any man who would guard his reputation from stain and dishonor. Men whose ways are circumspect as well as upright never fall under suspicion. We may be quite sure of this. A man's worst enemy rarely finds it possible to circulate ill-reports of him in those things wherein his conduct has been wise as well as honorable; the slanderer usually ferrets out some weakness or takes advantage of some imprudence so as to give his tale a coloring of possibility. No one suspects the soldier who is notoriously brave of being a coward; no one dreams of charging dishonesty upon the merchant whose long life has been conspicuously just and honorable. There are lives of both men and

women that no breath of scandal ever dares to touch; and hence we may be assured that suspicion will not reach nor conspiracy trouble him whose goings and comings are wisely ordered. And, of all men, the goings and comings of a clergyman should be directed by caution and wisdom. As the world goes, prudence and discretion rank only just below the cardinal virtues. It is imperatively necessary that a leader and teacher of men shall be pure and upright; and it is also supremely necessary that a wise, calm, and superior judgment should control all his actions. In this view of the case, Mr. Beecher deserves the censure of all right-minded persons. Nor is this all. Not only has the conduct of this great preacher been censurable, but many of his utterances have been exceedingly mischievous. Men are to be kept in the paths of holiness solely by a ceaseless self-repression—by a firm control of all those emotions and sentiments which begin by captivating the imagination and end by subduing the heart and undermining the whole moral structure. There is no safety for that man or woman who has not elevated reason to the highest place—who has not brought all passions and emotions under the dominion of a cold and rigid judgment. But this affluent preacher gives the whole rein to emotion and fancy. Instead of teaching men to moderate their transports, he instructs them to indulge in frenzies of feeling; and out of paroxysms no permanent good ever has nor ever can come. These effusions of sentiment, so identified with a large class of people in our country; this substitution of rhetoric and exclamation for logic and close deduction; this parade of liberality, under which vices lose their name and righteousness forgets its hatred of evil; these extravagances of assertion and unctuous methods of expression that heat the blood and fire the brain—these, one and all, are hurtful instruments in the hands of a teacher. Paroxysm is a dangerous sort of firework in the social circle and in public places; no man is safe for himself, nor safe as a public guide, whose way of life is not wisely governed, and whose instructions are not directed by reason rather than emotion.

AN English writer speaks of the untidiness of Americans in dress. Is this true? There is something in it, we fear. The smart young men of the towns can scarcely be excelled anywhere either in elegance or tidiness; but we do not think there is quite so much shabbiness among the middle and lower classes in England as here. We must except the dowdy cockney woman, and note that harmony of color in female dress is not so well maintained there as it is with us in any class below the highest. But one notices, almost as soon as he puts foot in London, how much better dressed and more respectable looking are the omnibus and cab drivers

than ours. You see there no such ragged vagabonds as those that preside over our Broadway omnibuses. The railway-guards are always neatly attired, and so even are the porters. But, then, every thing about an English railway-station is orderly, and they are often rendered attractive by flowers cultivated on each border of the track. A compulsory commission of railway directors ought to be sent to England to study their railway-stations. In regard to attire, the English writer from whom we have quoted speaks of the American dress of "shady black, with a great deal of shirt-front not always of the cleanest." The shady black will be recognized by American readers as a by-gone style in the cities, but we believe it still maintains its sway in some of the smaller towns. The expanse of shirt-front, however, has still its adherents even in the towns, and, as it happens, is most often found among those whose vocations call for a compact and well-closed dress. Altogether we fear that the free and independent citizens of America are not as a whole well dressed, and that they can borrow of the "pauper laborers" abroad a lesson or two in neatness of attire.

ENGLISHMEN have been a little ashamed of their effusive hospitality to the shah last year, and are evidently not in the mood to be very demonstrative over any stray sable sovereigns who may happen to wander Londonward. That very respectable Arab, the Seyyid Burghash, of Zanzibar, has found scant welcome in the English capital. He was relegated to a fashionable West-End hotel, and quite unembarrassed by the perplexities of the shah, who found it so difficult to decide between the multitude of his invitations. The Seyyid has not even risen to the dignity of being a lion. Yet his dominions, if not so populous or powerful, are nearly as vast as those of the Persian monarch; and, personally, he is quite as estimable and well-mannered a gentleman. Were there any danger that, like the shah, he might become the ally of a rival, no doubt he would have been surfeited with reviews and routs, Guildhall banquets, displays of fleets, and palace-garden parties. But Burghash knows only too well that England holds his fate in her palm, and that it is only by conciliating her that he can hope to retain a crown that is any thing but secure on his Arabic head. He has a brother reigning over in Muscat who would be more than glad to unite the patrimonies of Saïd in his own person. Indeed, for some years the ruler of Zanzibar has been little more than the sceptred vassal of England. Her warships are ever stationed in his seas, looking after the slave-dhows on the east African coast, and his dominions are freely used for freedmen's settlements. When he signed the now famous treaty with Sir Bartle Frere he risked not only a lucrative source of unholy

commerce to his subjects, but even his life; for the dusky lords of his realm were not very secret in their threats of assassination. He went, therefore, to England rather to conciliate than to be petted; besides, a very laudable curiosity led him to desire to see the greatest of cities. That his visit will have the good result of still further impressing him with British power, and therefore of confirming him in his new policy against the most abominable traffic which the lust of gain ever inspired savage-hearted men to pursue, is heartily to be hoped. The doings of England on the east African coast are wholly beneficent, and should have the approbation and encouragement of the civilized world.

THE *Saturday Review* is afraid of the influence upon art of the present rage in England for pictures and articles of *verru*. It says:

"It is impossible to contemplate without some alarm the consequences of a rush of rich people, without education, taste, or the capacity of appreciating any thing above the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement, into the various fields of art and cultivated refinement. As it is, a deplorable impulse has been given to the demand for pictures suited to the capacity of persons who have no love for art, and whose only aim is to get talked about on account of what they buy. The same remark applies to the collections of china and pottery which are now being turned out all over the country, and the bulk of which is either spurious or in a bad style. All this may be a fine thing for the dealers, but it is very sad for the future of the æsthetic life of England. On every side we see art corrupted and debased, and the higher influences of social intercourse paralyzed by an inroad of ignorant people who scatter their money without knowledge or discretion, and for the sole purpose of vulgar ostentation."

But, while the immediate effect of the mania may be all that the *Review* describes, we may well believe that the influences under which this class are brought are sure to elevate them above "the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement." It is odd indeed to find the *Review* in one breath denouncing the incursion of rich uncultivated people into the domain of art, and in the next speaking of their lives "given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement." If, moreover, these people are to remain uncultivated under the experiences so bitterly deplored, where is that elevating and refining influence of art of which we hear so much? We should judge that art, even if not elevating, is at least instructive; and men who blunder in buying pictures and pottery in the beginning would be very likely to learn something if they continued their expenditures in this direction. Exclusiveness takes many odd forms, but the exclusiveness that raves because uncultivated people give signs of developing out of their condition is certainly

a strange phase of human nature. It may be said to belong specially to English human nature.

A LONDON cynic ventures the not very good-natured remark that the new Albemarle Club, which has just been opened for the reception of members of both sexes, has no reason of existence, the objects and virtue of clubs being to enable men to get away, for a peaceful hour here and there, from their wives. Certainly, men of this stamp will not be found at the Albemarle, whither they may be remorselessly pursued by their better halves. It is a curious and brave experiment; a sort of gentle social concession to the women's-rights advocates; an olive-branch extended to the many ladies who complain of clubs as nurseries of anti-domestic habits in their husbands. Not only may *paterfamilias* drop in after a field night in the House, or a trip out of town, for his chop and the newspapers, but mamma and the girls may resort thither for a cream after the opera, or a gossip after the ball. Its results on the domesticity of the members have yet to be seen; they can hardly be otherwise, one would think, than injurious. The club will be one more attraction beyond the walls of home. It is better for one parent to be away nights than for both to be so; and it will take the world, with its pretty decided notions about the social proprieties, some time to be convinced, even by example, that clubs are proper places for ladies, or ladies the right sort of animate furniture for clubs. Nor can we conceive that the establishment of such a club will conciliate the true, home-loving wife and mother. She will not go to it herself, and will be likely to prefer that, if her husband must go to a club at all, he should go to the old-fashioned ones of Pall Mall, and not to a resort where he will meet ladies of the less retiring kind. Women's clubs, pure and simple, have not flourished in London; it remains to be seen how ladies will fare in one which ignores sex, and brings men and women together in a sort of man-like familiarity, which is certainly opposed to our previous ideas of English character.

It is a question whether the policy of the law, in shutting up a jury, and keeping them in confinement for a long-protracted period, is really best calculated to further the ends of justice. When the jurymen retire to consult about their verdict, they are fresh from the evidence and the summing up of counsel; and, as it is not usual to grant them records and papers by which to refresh their memories, it would seem that their best recollection, and hence best judgment, would be that of the first hour or two. Suppose that they disagree; is not their confinement longer an encouragement for the more willful to exercise a pressure on the others—a pressure, too, by no means inspired always by sub-

stantial argument? Are they not, moreover, more and more liable to be tempted by considerations of personal convenience the longer they are kept in polite but stringent duress? It is obvious that, in an agreement reached by this compulsory method, votes have been changed rather than opinions; and a verdict of this kind does not really represent the opinions of the jury, and hence is an untruthful and therefore valueless declaration. It is clear, moreover, that a jury, especially in a case that has been long protracted, should be freely supplied with official and duly authenticated reports of the proceedings in full. The human memory is frail, and in this way alone would the jury have a full survey of the matters, often of the deepest importance, on which they have to decide "according to the law and the evidence."

In foreign criticisms of American affairs the disposition to take up some exceptional fact, and base thereon a sweeping censure or a bitter satire, is sometimes vexatious, but often amusing enough. Everybody on this side of the Atlantic, for instance, knows that the yearly exodus of visitors to Europe is prompted mainly by a desire to see historic places, to study the treasures of art, and to learn the ways of the different peoples. One would naturally assume these motives to be of a kind to win the respect of our foreign critics. The frequency with which they are asserted, the numberless occasions in which American writers urge upon our countrymen the necessity of the culture derived from European travel, can leave no observant person in doubt as to the American attitude on this subject. And yet some recent utterances by the *New York Herald*—utterances marked by its peculiar vein, which to some people would appear to sound like truth and earnestness—have been seized upon abroad as representative of our ideas and expectations in regard to European travel. We do not go there to study and observe, it seems, but to proselytize. The army that every summer leaves our shores is not composed of students and pleasure-seekers, but of missionaries, whose purpose is to convert Europe to American ideas. Some people deplore the extent to which we are becoming Europeanized in our ideas by the contact of so many of our people with Old-World habits and institutions; and others croak over the great amount of money we are spending abroad; but small is the number, we imagine, who rejoice in the yearly exodus as a part of a great national scheme for converting Europe into the American way of seeing and doing things.

Literary.

THE title of "Exotics: Attempts to domesticate Them," can hardly be regarded as happy, but the book itself is de-

lightful.* No equally varied collection of the minor gems of German and French lyrical poetry has hitherto appeared in English, and very few translations of equal spirit and fidelity have appeared in English at all. It is no secret, we believe, that the little volume is the joint work of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, and his daughter Lillian; and the translations carry with them the proof that they were a labor both of love and of leisure. Some of them were evidently made many years ago, and all of them are characterized by that finish and precision which indicate careful and leisurely work.

About two-thirds of the poems are taken from German sources, and the names of Goethe, Heine, Geibel, Rückert, and Tholuck, come up most frequently in the table of contents. The French authors represented are Victor Hugo, Ed. Pailleron, and Malherbe. To these are added a few translations from the Latin, chiefly of Horace; and the volume closes with remarkably spirited renditions of some of the aphorisms from the "Gulistan" of Saadi. All the poems are short, seldom filling more than one page; the longest and one of the best is Goethe's "Epilog" in memory of Schiller.

It is our intention to quote one or two of the poems—enough to enable the reader to catch the fragrance of these exotics, and to estimate whether the attempt to domesticate them has succeeded; but, before doing so, we must give a moment's attention to the preface, which is quite as good as any thing else in the book. It is very brief and sketchy, but it contains more wise and suggestive hints on the art of translating and the requisites of success in its practice than can be gathered from many an elaborate essay; hints which are the fruit at once of wide knowledge of what has been accomplished by others, and of personal experience and experiments. The allusions, similes, and illustrations, are particularly happy, as, for instance, this: "Most poetical translations resemble the reverse side of a piece of Gobelin tapestry. The figures and colors are there, but the charm is wanting. . . . A successful translation," he adds, "must produce in the reader unacquainted with the original the same sort of feeling which *that* conveys. The ideal of a translation would be one which, if the original were lost, would remain forever as immortal. Without any thought of it as a translation, it should give us so much pleasure in itself as to live a life of its own in literature. Is this impossible? We have some examples to prove that it can be done." For literal accuracy, Mr. Clarke evidently cares little. The essential spirit is the attraction of a poem, and, if that has evaporated, of what advantage is the residuum? The test-question of the success or failure of a translation might, he thinks, be this: "Can you recite your version aloud, in the presence of men of taste, so as to give them real pleasure?" If the poem is worth repeating aloud for its own sake, and gives satisfaction, that is enough.

Now for the promised quotations, the first

* Exotics: Attempts to domesticate Them. By J. F. C. and L. C. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of which shall be a little poem of Goethe's, which has been translated before, but never with such spirit:

"THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTIONS.

"Tell me, friend, as you are bidden,
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place, by day—by night, its blaze.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
Fire is hardest to be hidden.

"I will tell, as I am bidden!
Love is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;
Actions, looks, and tones, reveal it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
Love is hardest to be hidden.

"I will tell, as I am bidden!
Poetry cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead;
But a poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

"He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
Poems never can be hidden."

It can hardly be necessary for us to say that the two following are from Heine:

"CHILD-PLAY.

"Much have we felt in our inmost breast,
Yet still were calm and self-possessed.
We played, like children, 'Man and Wife,'
With little scolding, quarrel, or strife;
Jested and laughed with merry faces,
Gave and took kisses and embraces;
And once, because we deemed it good,
Played 'Hide and Seek' in plain and wood;
But played it so well in wood and plain,
That we never found each other again!"

"THE DIFFICULTY.

"About my darling's lovely eyes
I've made no end of verses;
About her precious little mouth,
Songs, which each voice rehearses;
About my darling's little cheek,
I wrote a splendid sonnet;
And—if she only had a heart—
I'd write an ode upon it."

This quotation is from the "Gulistan":

"A LOVER'S ECONOMY.

"While writing verses for my love, I looked up
from the paper,
And there she stood! I rose in haste, and over-
turned the taper.
'How careless to put out the light!' she said.
'Is it surprising,'
I answered, 'that I quenched my lamp when I
saw the sun arising?'"

We congratulate ourselves that we have found nothing but praise to bestow upon this little book; for what critic would care to confront the Horatian alternative which Mr. Clarke offers him in his preface?—

"If this book suits you, call yourself our debtor;
If not, take pains, and give us something better."

"ANCIENT History from the Monuments" is the title of a series of brief historical narratives in which it is designed to give a scientific but popular summary of the results of recent archaeological investigations. It is well known that with the finding of the key to the cuneiform inscriptions, and the discovery of the many fresh monuments that have rewarded the efforts of recent explorers, it has become possible to construct the annals

of ancient history from records which are contemporary, or nearly so, with the events narrated. These records have hitherto been published in such shape that the knowledge to be derived from them was confined to archaeologists and philologists, and the object of the present series is to place them within reach of the ordinary historical student, who may thus perceive for himself the light which they throw on the manners and customs, the language, literature, and history of the earlier civilizations. Each volume is to be written by a scholar, who, in addition to his general acquirements, is known to have made a special study of the field which he undertakes to cover.

The first volume of the series has appeared, and was prepared by the well-known Egyptologist, Dr. Samuel Birch.* It is a complete history of Egypt, beginning with Mena or Menes, the first monarch of the country, and closing with the conquest by Alexander in B. C. 332. The narrative is based mainly on the monuments, but whatever light can be derived from customs, traditions, etc., including the speculations of the Greek historians, is freely used; and, notwithstanding several enormous gaps in the records, the narrative is the most complete and probably by far the most accurate that has yet been written. Nor is it on the historical side only that it is valuable. Much that is new is told concerning the customs, habits, religion, culture, industries, and forms of government of the ancient Egyptians; and the gradual changes by which foreign conquests, domestic incursions, and the constant intermixture with various nations produced the modern Egyptian, are clearly pointed out.

As an example of the additional knowledge which these recent researches have brought to us, we quote Dr. Birch's account of the building of the pyramids. The size, dimensions, solid contents, sepulchral chambers, fancied astronomical relations, etc., of the pyramids, we have long been familiar with, but only lately has the principle of their construction been penetrated. It appears to have been the following:

"Very early in the life of a king the surface of the limestone-work was leveled for the base, a shaft more or less inclined was sunk leading to a rectangular sepulchral chamber in the rock itself. The distance from the entrance of the shaft or gallery to the chamber was calculated at the distance the square base of the pyramid would cover so as to exceed and not be overlapped by it. If the king died during the year the work was finished at once, but should he have lived another year a second layer of masonry was placed on the substructure of the same square shape as the base, but smaller, with the sides parallel to those of the base. The process went on year after year, each layer being smaller than the previous. When the king died the work was at once stopped, and the casing or outer surface of the pyramid finished. This was effected by filling up the masonry with smaller stones of rectangular shape, so that the pyramid still presented a step-shaped appearance.

The casing of each triangular face was then smoothed from the top or apex, the masons standing on the steps and hewing away the edges of each row of stones as they descended to the base. When finished, the faces were perfectly smooth, and the top inaccessible. Each of the casing-stones capped the other so as to leave no vertical joint. The principle of the pyramid combined the power of increase in size without alteration in form, and its sloping side carried off the occasional rainfall without allowing the water to penetrate the building. Simple in shape it was eternal in duration, and exhibited a perfect mathematical knowledge of the square and the triangle."

All pyramids were not constructed exactly alike; the oldest one (that of Meydoun) is constructed with rubble and slanting walls; but the shape and mode of finish are substantially the same. The size of the pyramid depended in a great degree on the length of the king's reign; but it is evident that those monarchs who desired to excel their predecessors in the magnificence of their sepulchres would carry on the work on a large scale and in a more rapid manner, by the expenditure of greater riches, or by the oppression of *corvées* of forced labor, which has prevailed at all times in Egypt. Some idea of what these monuments cost the nation can be gathered from the lists of laborers employed on the great Pyramid of Cheops. The causeway for facilitating the transport of the stone was built by a *corvée* of one hundred thousand men, relieved every three months for ten years, or in all four million men; and twenty more years, at the rate of three hundred and sixty thousand, giving seven million more men, were employed on the pyramid itself. So much exhausted were the resources of Cheops that ridiculous stories were circulated about it among the people; and the monarch, on account of the hatred the work produced, was obliged to be buried in a subterranean chamber encircled by the water of the Nile.

A few illustrations, chiefly after the hieroglyphical drawings on the monuments, help the reader to an understanding of the text.

When the plan of "Little Classics" was first published, we felt that Mr. Johnson had made a mistake in attaching a couple of volumes of poems as a kind of tender to his prose series. In the first place, there are more little classics in English poetry than in English prose; and, in the second place, while in the prose field he was almost without a competitor, when he came to poetry his work would necessarily be brought into comparison with that of a dozen others, and his limitations as to space would preclude the possibility of his facing comparison with, for instance, Palgrave's in all ways admirable "Golden Treasury."

The thirteenth volume of "Little Classics" is before us. It is entitled "Narrative Poems," and contains "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith; "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Byron; "Bingen on the Rhine," by Mrs. Norton; "O'Connor's Child," by Thomas Campbell; "The Culpit Pay," by Joseph Rodman Drake; "The Sensitive

* Egypt from the Earliest Times to B. C. 300. By S. Birch, LL. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co

Plant," by Shelley; "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats; "Paradise and the Peri," by Thomas Moore; "The Raven," by Poe; "The Skeleton in Armor," by Longfellow; "The Haunted House," by Hood; "The Writing on the Image," by William Morris; "Tam O'Shanter," by Burns; "The Forging of the Anchor," by Samuel Ferguson; "Morte d'Arthur," by Tennyson; and Macaulay's "Horatius." Now, it is plain that, while no exception can be taken to any one of these poems, the book, as a collection, would find it difficult to give a *raison d'être*. Not only does it not contain all, or nearly all, the narrative poems in the language that can fairly be called classic, but it is not even representative; there are scores of such poems omitted which are as good as any except the very best of those included and better than most of them. The collection simply gathers in one volume a number of poems with which every one is familiar, and which may be found in all previous compilations. Mr. Johnson cannot but be aware of its deficiencies. His prose selections filled the twelve volumes to which the series was originally limited, and it would have been wiser, we think, had it ended there.

IN a novel by Julia Kavanagh one is reasonably sure to find a coherent and probable plot, incidents which are interesting without being sensational in the slightest degree, characters that resemble real persons sufficiently to awaken a sort of personal interest in them, and a fluent and agreeable if somewhat monotonous style. The reader, moreover, is always treated with perfect good faith. Having made up her mind what her story is to be, Miss Kavanagh tells it with straightforward directness; never introduces stimulating episodes merely to prop up an interest which the story itself cannot sustain; and when she has any preaching or moralizing to introduce, does not do it under the guise of ordinary conversation, but writes it down in solid paragraphs that almost challenge the reader to skip them. Of all these qualities, "John Dorrien," her latest story, is a good example. It is well constructed, well told, has an admirable hero, a pretty and pleasant heroine, a mildly-wicked villain, minor *dramatis personæ* who contrast with each other excellently, and maintains its interest through some five hundred pages of liberal dimensions. Its chief fault is a lack of local coloring, which, as the scene is laid in France, and as Miss Kavanagh has a keen sense of the picturesque and a cultivated faculty of observation, is rather surprising. Much more could have been made of the Saint-Ives school and of the life of the English colony in Paris; but then, as we have said, the author has too entire faith in her story to care much for subordinate matters. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"OLDBURY," by Anne Keary, which appears in the light, summer costume of the "International Series of New and Approved Novels" (New York: Porter & Coates), is one of those stories in which it is difficult to find any thing on which to base even a descriptive criticism. To summarize the plot would be simply to recall to the mind of the veteran

novel-reader reminiscences of dozens of other stories in which substantially the same framework is employed; while to dissociate the characters from the special parts which they play in the narrative would expose them to the suspicion of being names and nothing besides. It does not even furnish us with a decent excuse for a digression of our own, and we are reduced to saying briefly that "Oldbury" is a quiet, rather commonplace, and tolerably well-written story, in the perusal of which the leisurely reader can manage to consume several days, for it fills a stout and closely-printed duodecimo.

MR. FARJEON's new story, "Love's Victory," furnishes the *Spectator* with text for a brief discourse on the distinction between the novel and melodrama. "An utterly preposterous story," it says, "may make an effective melodrama, and Mr. Farjeon would have done well to offer his manuscript to some stage-manager. Fine sentiments, an exciting mystery, a prosperous villain to be unmasked, a handsome, ingenious youth to be established in his rights, lovely innocence to be protected and transferred from heart-wrung agony to a heaven of bliss, an aged father to be cleared from dishonor before he dies, with a noble cynic to laugh 'Ha, ha!' at the shams of the great world, and a good-humored buffoon to rush about and grin as cheerfully at the kicks as the half-pence, these are all the materials we require, and all these we have, for a highly-edifying drama that sends the gallery and pit, and not seldom the stalls and boxes as well, home to bed with a feeling of personal elevation, and with a sense of having had a hand in the noble deeds that have been enacted before them. All that we care about in melodrama is that principles shall be high and incident exciting, and that right shall triumph over might in the end. And if the sentiment be somewhat high-flown, and the characters leaning toward the angelic and the diabolic, and the circumstances tending toward the sensational, then, so much the more clearly to the popular mind, and in so much the bolder relief, will stand out the purpose of the piece—that vice should suffer and virtue rejoice. Melodrama is all the better melodrama for containing a lively and even exaggerated illustration of the beauty and claims of goodness, and of the deformity and deserts of wickedness. But a story should be a natural picture of real life and of individual, not merely typical, character, and not a series of startling positions and striking scenes, which give persons of fine sentiments a succession of opportunities for airing their views and exercising their generosity, and afford modest loveliness fit occasions for recounting its struggles of agony and its triumphs of conscience."

THE *Spectator* thinks very highly of the "Songs of Two Worlds," the third series of which was published lately in London. It says: "Criticism is a dim and groping art at best, but in the present case it is even more dull and groping than usual, if we are mistaken in supposing that the man who wrote those stanzas ought to have in him what will give him a permanent, though probably a modest, place in the line of English poets. We do not say he has won it yet. These three volumes, though full of reflective beauty, and containing one or two passages of stately and statuesque power, might not produce a sufficient body of verse, in an age when slight impressions so easily pass away, for such a re-

sult. But our author has, we cannot doubt, proved his capacity to shape conceptions which will lay a strong hold of our minds, and to embody them in a music which will not easily die out of our hearts." . . . Objections having been made by some of the persons mentioned in the letters, the publication of Mr. Mill's correspondence with Comte has been postponed for the present. . . . Mr. Tennyson is said to derive an income of fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year from composers who set his songs to music. The charge for permission to set a poem is twenty-five dollars, and the applications average three a day. . . . The *London Times* says that Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" gives evidence of more fire than any thing that has appeared since Shakespeare's time. . . . Mr. Joseph Hatton is writing for *London Society* "The True History of Punch," in which will appear hitherto unpublished letters of Thackeray, Dickens, Shirley Brooks, Mayhew, and Tom Hood. . . . The *Academy* describes Mr. Henry James's "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Stories" as "a series of careful studies in Nathaniel Hawthorne's manner. This is not one of those cases of unconscious influence, common with young writers who reproduce imperfect echoes of authors who have touched their imagination and lingered in their memory, and who believe themselves original in so doing. Mr. James, on the contrary, is fully aware of what he does, and has set himself at Hawthorne's feet with the entire trust and admiration which we may suppose to have been exhibited formerly by the pupils in the school of a great and original painter. He has his reward, too, for he has caught much more than the mere trick of style, by no means difficult to imitate, and has succeeded more nearly than any other writer we have met in entering into Hawthorne's psychology, with its half-morbid and entirely weird conception of life." . . . M. Charles de Rémusat, the French *littérateur* and politician, who died recently, is described by one of his friends as "in every thing the first of amateurs." . . . The original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" was sold the other day in London. It is entirely in the autograph of the poet, and contains alterations, erasures, and corrections, which show the anxious care bestowed upon its composition. In this manuscript, the names of "Cæsar" and "Tully" are erased, and those of "Cromwell" and "Milton" substituted. . . . The *Saturday Review*, in its notice of Carlyle's "Early Kings of Norway," assails the style in this fashion: "Mr. Carlyle and his admirers no doubt think it clever to talk about 'Bluetooth & Co.'s invasions,' 'Svein, Eric & Co.,' 'the viking public,' and so forth. They perhaps think it both learned and clever to call the Eastern emperors 'poor kaisers,' without which touch we could have given Mr. Carlyle credit for understanding German, and we should not have been tempted to guess that he fancies that German was spoken at Constantinople. They perhaps think that there is some point in trampling grammar under foot, in beginning sentences with verbs without nominative cases, or with nominative cases queerer than none at all. 'Can think of no safe place;' 'old mistress does receive him;' 'had a standing army.' Even when Mr. Carlyle wishes to give his opinion as to a date, his way of doing so is to say, 'Guess somewhere about 1040.' About things of this kind it is no use arguing; those who like them will go on liking them; those who have a respect for history or for any other serious study will go on feeling a twinge when they see it thus dressed up in motley."

The Arts.

WITHIN two or three weeks there has been a very large and important exhibition in Boston of drawings from the public schools of the State. This collection, which numbered several thousand specimens, comprised a wide range of subjects, including geometrical drawings, designs for lace, calico, china, architectural plans, and problems in perspective. The work was done by pupils six years old and upward. Massachusetts, as is well known, took the initiative of introducing drawing into the common schools some four or five years ago, since which time there have been yearly exhibitions, each of which has been superior to the previous ones.

It is known by persons competent to judge that the peculiar genius of different nations gives a marked character to their art; and never perhaps so well have the temperament and sensibilities of Americans had so distinct an expression as in these little drawings made by thousands of Massachusetts children uninfluenced by traditions or preconceived ideas. Copied from natural objects, or designed on general geometrical principles, many of them seemed to us full of the nervous sensibility peculiar to the American character.

The general system of instruction in drawing is that pursued in the English schools, but in its application, outside of some leading and axiomatic propositions, the mind of every child is allowed, within the scope of these positive points, to work in perfect freedom. Among the designs, those which seemed to us distinctively American were the patterns for calicoes and wall-papers, and also for china. Uniting the unpretending, honest thought that characterizes so strongly the South Kensington School, the Minton china, and, in fact, all the good new English designs, some of the pictures in this exhibition had a delicate quality both in form and color quite unlike the solid and somewhat clumsy decoration of England. One design we recollect in particular, from a country school, that was based, we believe, on a *Leptotrichum*, or wild-geranium—a semi-transparent flower, whose delicate petals possess in nature an almost gossamer-like fragility. The design was developed on the most rigid principles of botanical analysis, and in it were indicated, with the precision that marks every English pattern, the character of the green leaves, the peculiarities of stem and flower-stalk, and these, too, with the excellent English absence of unmeaning flourish or ornament; but more, we think, than the English or French character would appreciate, as a chief and distinctive attraction, the filmy, gossamer-like beauty of the petals and their lovely curves were dwelt upon, and so lovingly emphasized, that we could not doubt the motive that had prompted the selection of this flower.

Without the testimony of our own eyes, we could hardly have believed that under any system of teaching children six years old could have produced little designs of their

own so precise, pretty in proportion and in general form, as were some of these drawings made from dictation-lessons. But a few precise and rigid directions were given in the class, and these the children were bound to follow, and, after these instructions had been carried out, every little creature who is fond of wreathing flowers in its hat, or arranging stones or buttercups in pleasant forms on the grass, had but to put the same amount of fancy upon the plan that was geometrically laid down of squares, or ovals, or composed circles, and a pleasant picture was almost certain to be the result.

The recent death of the French artist Millet has given an added interest to his pictures, so that the exhibition of one of the most famous of them, "The Sower," in the Loan Collection in Boston, has been made the subject of much comment in art-circles.

This picture is somewhat known from engravings, but, like the large proportion of works of art, it is only the original that embodies its own especial peculiarity. Hung near the picture by Paul Veronese, of which we had occasion to speak two or three weeks ago, the merits of this representative of a new school, and a masterpiece by a great leader of Italian art, have provoked a good deal of criticism and many comparisons. Painted in an age when subjective literature and the most subtle analysis of human motives form the chief staple for the reading world in the dissection of character by George Eliot, George Sand, Balzac, and Kingsley, "The Sower," by Millet, is yet the most subjective picture we ever saw.

Strong as an athlete, the heavy-jointed, dark limbs of the Sower swing along as he moves down an open furrow of the field. His joints are big as those of a cart-horse, and the peasant-coarseness of the paintings by Courbet is mingled with the proud and thoughtful composition of his form. The upper part of his face is concealed by shadow, and his coarse lips and nose and jaw, resolute and sad, over which the daylight is playing, are the active power in a life whose spirit is delineated by the artist as in an eclipse analogous to that which conceals his eyes and forehead. A pouch of grain hangs round his waist, and from it he flings broadcast corn into the open earth, while behind him, and corresponding to the lower qualities of his nature which are stamped in the lines of his heavy mouth and jaw, "the fowls of the air" stoop to devour the ill-planted grain. Far off above him, in an upland meadow over which the sunlight is brooding, a man with his oxen is driving a plough. If the career of Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's "Misérables," be fateful and hopeless, this picture of "The Sower" might be a fitting likeness of that strange character struggling against a nature whose good impulses seemed predestined to defeat; or to show in paint a man as entangled in the meshes of his own inherited proclivities as the fly in the spider's web in that most melancholy portrait of life in Hugo's "Notre-Dame."

Considered as a composition in paint, this work has many fine points. The swing and action of the figure of the Sower are free

and simple, and the expression of melancholy and strength entirely exempts it from anything conventional or melodramatic. The beholder never thinks of the man as a posed figure, and the grand, simple repetition of lines through the composition is appreciated as solemnity and force, and not as a pedantic exhibition of the resources of the artist.

It is a good thing to be able at a glance to study two pictures and two standards of thought so diverse as this Millet and the Veronese; each seems to make the epoch of the other more distinct and appreciable. Comparing the two, it appears to us that no technical artist can resist the impression of the purity and perfection of the conditions that made such a painting possible as "The Marriage of St. Catherine." Beside the wild, impassioned, and withal somewhat muddily-colored and raggedly-lined picture of "The Sower," it hangs in its perfection of parts and delicacy of line and color, in its balance of light and shade, as complete and harmonious as a lily on its stalk, or an antique statue on its pedestal.

ALTHOUGH a great many monuments have been erected or completed in Germany since the last war with France, only one of them—the Hermann Monument, in the Teutoburger Forest—has, in every respect, a truly national character, and this commemorates an event which happened nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Now, however, the whole German nation has become deeply interested in the project of erecting a monument which shall stand as a memorial of the greatest epoch in modern German history—the union of the race against the French, and the formation of a new empire under Kaiser Wilhelm. It is to be placed upon the Niederwald, a lofty summit at the extremity of the Taunus Mountains, overlooking the Rhine. From this point there is a magnificent view, not only of the beautiful, vine-covered province known as the Rheingau, but also of the country on both sides of the river for many miles around. The monument will be distinctly visible for an immense distance.

The idea of constructing such a monument was first entertained very soon after the accession of the King of Prussia to the imperial throne. It was taken up with ardor among all classes of the people in every part of the empire, and preparations were quickly made for obtaining a suitable design. A large number of designs were submitted to the committee of judges by many noted German artists, but the one offered by Professor Johannes Schilling, of Dresden, was unanimously declared to be the most appropriate and meritorious.

This symbol of German unity will probably be about ninety feet high, and not less than sixty in width at the base. The dimensions, however, have not yet been given with exactness. It will be constructed of differently-colored granite, with figures of bronze. To the right and left of the socle, or broad, projecting lower pedestal, which will form the centre of the base, there will be terraced walls surmounted at each end by a colossal bronze candelabrum. In the middle of this socle there will be a sculptured group, repre-

senting the Rhine and the Moselle. Next will come the upper pedestal, which will be elaborately ornamented and inscribed. In front will be displayed a large group, typifying the uprising of the German people to defend the Rhine, and containing a number of warlike figures surrounding the Emperor William, who will be mounted and in military attire. Beneath this group will be inscribed five verses of the popular patriotic song, "Die Wacht am Rhein." On the three other sides of this pedestal lengthy inscriptions will set forth, in general terms, the history of the war with France, and the reestablishment of the German Empire. To the left there will stand a huge figure of War, holding a drawn sword, and sounding the alarm through a great trumpet; and on the right will be an image of Peace, corresponding in size to the other, crowned with laurel, and holding an olive-branch in her hand. Between these two figures will rise the shaft of the monument. Its lower portion will be adorned in front with the German eagle, garlands of victory, and shields containing the arms of the different states composing the empire; while at the sides, and in the rear, will be presented the names of those most active in bringing about the new order of things, including all the principal German generals of the present day. The whole will be surmounted by a magnificent colossal figure of Germany, standing before the imperial throne. The artist seems to have exerted all his power upon this grand statue, and his conception is well worthy of the universal admiration it has excited among his countrymen. The figure is that of a beautiful young woman, thoroughly German in aspect, holding up with one bare, splendidly-shaped arm the crown of the empire, while the other rests upon the hilt of a long, laurel-wreathed sword, whose point is beside her right foot.

How soon the monument will be completed cannot now be stated. But the people in every part of the empire seem to be working earnestly for the accomplishment of that end. Contributions of money are flowing in rapidly from various sources, and a large amount is already in the possession of the committee.

Portraits on a huge scale are always a striking if not a pleasing feature of the Royal Academy exhibitions. *Blackwood*, in an article on this year's exhibition, has the following pungent passage upon a production of this kind: "Talking of portraits," it says, "we cannot refrain from lifting up our testimony against the greatest crime in this way which has been perpetrated upon an unoffending public for years. Many and great are the offenses which we put up with, grumbling yet patient, from exhibition to exhibition; but there is enough in this to warrant a popular rising. The picture in the second room, by Mr. Wells, marked 112 (we would not be so rude as to name any names), reaches the point at which portrait-painting ceases to be an offense and becomes a crime. Mr. Wells has done and can do very good work, and it is surely an act of very ill-intentioned favor to him which has induced the hanging committee to sanction such an exhibition. Two ladies more than life-size under the big portico of a house, about half a dozen men equally colossal on horseback, and attended by a world

of dogs, fill up the whole side of the room, and look haughtily at the unfortunate spectators as if challenging their right to look. Heaven knows how little desire we have to look! The picture is simply insupportable; it had no right to be painted, and, being painted, it has no right to be exhibited. If artists and their sitters choose to display the vulgar absurdity of which they can be guilty, let them find a picture-gallery for themselves in which to exhibit their joint performance; but we protest against the sacrifice of any of our national walls for such a purpose. Has the Academy no shame for itself, no thought of what its neighbors will say, that wholesome dread which so often keeps us from folly? We have suffered long from big portraits, but this is the climax of all. Is it because it is like the family piece of Dr. Primrose's household, too big to be put anywhere else, that it has been foisted upon the Academy? Such an exhibition is nothing less than high-treason against English art."

The *Overland Monthly*, speaking of Keith's "High Sierra," now on exhibition in San Francisco, declares that "it fully justifies in its perfect state the enthusiasm it called up, when but half done, in the mind of such a masterful judge of mountain-scenery as John Muir. It reproduces the hoary giant mountains back of the Yosemite Valley near the head-waters of the Merced River—reproduces them not alone with an accuracy of detail satisfactory to a geologist, but also with that grander artistic effect so extolled by Ruskin, that power of calling up in the soul of the spectator the same spirit and impressions that the original of the picture would evoke. The mountains loom in the distance through that indefinable purplish haze, so hard to reproduce that not one artist in hundreds can catch or fix it, yet here so faithfully colored that J. W. Gally, standing with us before the picture, cried out in delight: 'He has it! This man has more water in his puddle than the rest of them. This picture was never painted in a studio.' No; there is no close air about it. On the mountain-side, in the very face of Nature, seeing her eye to eye, was this canvas covered with its colors. You feel the chill wind from the gray, unmelted snow, you hear the creaking of the glaciers as they grind their way through the hollow cañons, you hear the incessant voice of the water as it falls and feathers along its rocky channels. There is a poet here as well as a painter, and from storm-beaten pine to cloven rock, from water naked in the light to where it sheathes itself in the heart of darkness, he sees, and knows, and loves. Not, of course, a poet without discords, not a painter without flaws, but, best taken with worst, a great and sympathetic artist."

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

DEAR SIR: Permit me the use of your columns to suggest what should be done with the crumbs, so to speak, of the Centennial Exhibition.

Baron Schwarz-Senborn, the emeritus director of the Vienna Exhibition, and Austrian minister plenipotentiary to our country, picked up the leavings of the great industrial feast, and gathered enough to found a great Industrial Museum and Working-man's Free Training-School, like the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris, or the Musée de l'Industrie in Brussels. We also should think a little of

the needs of the working-classes, and do something for the education of the masses. The poor boy spends a few months every year in some public school, and gets a general idea of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and then he goes and learns a trade, and learns of it only what his boss can and will teach him. In two or three of our largest cities he may go in the evening to some Cooper Institute and be instructed in rudimentary sciences, which by an early enforcement of the act of compulsory school-attendance he might have mastered long ago. He may find there also an opportunity to practise a little drawing, and to listen now and then to a lecture, which is usually high above his capacity, and far removed from his practical needs. But there is not one city in the Union that has an institution which is a genuine help to the working-man. What he wants is to learn to do his work well. The sort of thing which is called "a wide and higher culture" is of no immediate concern to him. Teach him how to distinguish between good and bad material, show him what the best tools are in his trade, let him examine some fine specimens of workmanship in his own line, and you render him a service. His own hands and eyes are the working-man's only successful teachers. Now, in Schwarz-Senborn's *Athenæum* in Vienna, as in many other German, Belgian, French, and English sister institutions, he is surrounded by vast collections of home and foreign raw products, manufactured wares in various stages of completion, models, designs, apparatus, scaffoldings, tools, and machinery of every sort and description. There is a room full of patterns; there is a laboratory where he himself can make any technical and chemical experiment he likes; there are shops supplied with all manner of tools and appliances in which he may attempt to execute and test whatever he invents or others have invented; and there are theoretical and practical scientists of fame, walking through the various departments during the evening hours, to give every man just the information and counsel he needs, simply for the asking. This is the special feature of the Vienna institution, and it is not surprising that it has proved a great attraction. Free reading-rooms, courses of popular lectures, and rudimentary instruction, achieve some good, and form of course also part of the advantages offered by the *Athenæum*, but the permanent exhibition of industrial objects, the free use of shops and laboratories, and the opportunity of meeting men of experience and learning to get the right hint wherever wanted, have been the means of drawing hundreds of middle-aged journeymen and even the master-workmen out of their rum and beer haunts to spend their evenings, in every sense of the word, in the pursuit of knowledge.

It was a comparatively easy matter for Baron Schwarz-Senborn to found this Industrial Museum and Working-man's School, and it will be an equally easy thing for us to call one into existence here. Let a body be organized by the Legislature as the National Museum of Industry, and urge every exhibitor at the centennial to leave behind in Philadelphia, as a bequest to this museum, whatever generosity prompts him, or whatever he considers hardly worth while for him to remove. The result will be more than an ordinary house full of raw stuffs, models, designs, manufactures, machinery, tools, and the like. To get a suitable edifice either in this city or Philadelphia will not be difficult in our country, where liberality is almost a virtue in excess. Anyhow, the first to consider in establishing a museum is to have something to exhibit, and not, as

has been the case in many instances, to obtain a place of exhibition before there is any thing to show. The other details of such an institution, as the procuring of suitable men to give the practical instruction we have spoken of, and the providing of sufficient funds to meet the current expenses, will also obtain in time whatever is necessary for their execution. It is now two years since Baron Schwarz-Senborn set to work at his scheme of raising the intellectual condition of the working-classes in his own country, and his Athenæum, the only monument of the Vienna Exhibition still standing, is now quite prosperous and efficient. Yours respectfully,

G. A. F. VAN RUYN.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE celebrated historical Château de Vaux-Praslin is to be offered at public sale on the 6th of July. It was built in the reign of Louis XIV. by the celebrated Fouquet. It originally cost eighteen million francs (three million six hundred thousand dollars), a sum which represents at least three times as much at the present time. Three villages were destroyed to form the site for the immense gardens, laid out by Lenôtre, which were counted among the wonders of Europe. The fountains were the model of those afterward constructed at Versailles. The famous Lebrun had adorned the state-apartments with admirable pictures. St.-Germain and Fontainebleau, the chief country-seats which the kings of France then possessed (for Versailles and Marly were as yet undreamed of), could not compare in magnificence with Vaux-le-Vicomte, as this palace was then called. The fountains, in particular, then a novelty, became widely celebrated. They appear to have surpassed those of Versailles by their admirable arrangement, by which a full view of them could be obtained from the state-apartments of the château, every cascade, jet, and basin, forming part of an harmonious whole; while the royal fountains are scattered, and have to be viewed separately; they are, moreover, at a great distance from the palace, and invisible from it. No trace of these splendid water-works remains: the basins and imagery are there, it is true, but the Duc de Villars, whose father purchased Vaux after the overthrow of Fouquet, caused the leaden pipes to be dug up and sold, finding the expense of keeping the works in order too great for his purse to endure. Some idea of their extent may be gained from the fact that the lead thus obtained brought the sum of over a million francs. It was here that Fouquet gave the celebrated *fête* to the young king and his court, which was the ultimate cause of his downfall. He had the temerity and the madness, though a married man, to fall in love with Mademoiselle de la Vallière, then in the full enjoyment of the fickle affections of Louis. The dress which she wore at this magnificent festival is thus described in the memoirs of the time: "Her robe was white, wrought with golden stars and leaves on Persian embroidery, and was kept in place by a pale-blue sash knotted below the bust. Her beautiful blond hair, flowing in wavy masses over her shoulders, was adorned with flowers and pearls, arranged in seeming carelessness, but without confusion. Two large emeralds sparkled in her ears. Her arms were bare, and to break their too fragile outline they were each surrounded above the elbow with a circlet of gold set with opals. Her

gloves were of Bruges lace of the yellowish-white tint then fashionable, but so finely worked that her delicate skin only appeared the more rosy beneath it." Thus attired, the tender and fragile loveliness of this flesh-and-blood *Ophelia*, this anticipation in a court of Goethe's *bourgeoise Gräfinchen*, must have appeared even more charming than usual. Fouquet had already had the audacity to lay his heart and twenty thousand pistoles at the feet of this gentlest and sweetest of erring women, and had received an indignant repulse, notwithstanding which he was weak and wicked enough to place her portrait among those of his acknowledged conquests in a private cabinet at Vaux. He also took advantage of her presence at the *fête* to approach her anew with an avowal of his unwelcome passion, a circumstance which the lady at once revealed to her royal lover. Some one, thinking to injure La Vallière in the estimation of Louis, had already informed him of the presence of her portrait in the private cabinet, and from that hour the downfall of Fouquet was resolved upon.

From the family of Villars the palace passed into the possession of the Count de Choiseul-Praslin, cousin to the celebrated Duc de Choiseul, minister to Louis XV. By Madame de Pompadour's influence, the count was created a duke under the title of Duc de Praslin, the old château was rechristened anew by the title of Vaux-Praslin, and it has remained in possession of that family up to the present time. Hither, in 1825, the young Marquis de Praslin brought his bride, Fanny Sebastiani, the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani, to pass the honey-moon, the bridegroom being but twenty-one years of age and the bride eighteen. A mutual affection presided at this union, and it was destined to be still further cemented by the birth of numerous offspring. Twenty-two years later the wife, then the Duchesse de Praslin, was murdered by her husband under circumstances of peculiar horror—not, however, at Vaux-Praslin, but in the Paris residence of the family on the Champs-Élysées. Tradition still preserves many anecdotes of the good and charitable deeds of the unfortunate lady, who was the earthly providence of all the poor people dwelling around the château whenever she came to take up her residence there.

The family having fallen into poverty, the present duke resolved to mend his fortunes by marrying an heiress. A lovely American girl, the daughter of an immensely wealthy New-Yorker, was selected by him for the doubtful honor of becoming Duchesse de Praslin, a title which had never been borne by any woman since the fatal night on which his mother had perished by his father's hand. The preliminary arrangements were well-nigh concluded, when in an evil hour the duke invited the object of his affections and her father to a lunch at Vaux-Praslin. The shrewd American came, saw, and investigated the huge pile of half-ruined buildings, and, finding that three hundred thousand dollars would be needed to put the château in thorough repair, and sixty thousand dollars per annum to keep it up and enable the young people to live in it, he very sensibly broke off the match. The duke afterward married an American lady, and it is said that the union is wholly one of affection. At all events, Vaux-Praslin is to be sold, as I said before, on the 6th of July. The estate is to be divided up into lots, and it is quite probable that the château itself will be torn down. The day for huge edifices and gigantic estates for the residence of private individuals in France has passed away.

The *Figaro* continues to publish extracts from the interesting and gossiping memoirs of the veteran actor Laferrière. One of the later chapters gives an account of the funeral of the great actress Marie Dorval, her who was the only rival really feared by Mademoiselle Mars when the latter was in the height of her career. Madame Dorval was the original *Marion Delorme* and *Catarina* of Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme" and "Angelo," and she also created the heroines of several of the principal plays of the elder Dumas. She was the queen of the theatres of the Boulevard, as was Mademoiselle Mars of the Comédie Française. In her later days, though her talent was unimpaired, she lost her hold on the affections of the fickle Parisian public. Her last engagement was a total failure, and was canceled by the directors of the theatre at which she appeared (the Théâtre Historique) after the first three nights. This failure, and the death of a little grandchild to whom she was much attached, broke the poor actress's heart. She survived the blow but a short time, and the desertion which had attended her last appearance was not lacking at her funeral. Laferrière says: "Her hearse passed through the careless crowd followed only by a few faithful friends. I was of the number, as were also Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, one or two of the *sociétaires* of the Comédie Française, a few authors, a few of her former comrades; and that was all. On the outer boulevard leading to the cemetery two men of the people stopped to look at the melancholy cortege. One said to the other:

"Why, that is Dorval's funeral."

"It isn't possible," remarked his comrade, "there is nobody at it."

"She had ceased to make money," answered the other, shrugging his shoulder. And they went their ways. That speech came near being the only funeral oration of Dorval. When we were ranged around the grave, the grave-digger, after throwing in the first shovelful of earth, leaned on his spade and seemed to wait. A dead silence ensued, people looked at each other, but no one stirred. At last a young man, perceiving this singular abstinence, came quickly forward, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, made a few remarks full of touching sympathy. That young man was Camille Doucet,* then a simple author. That was one of the many good actions of his life, which numbers so many. He has often been reproached for his skillful diplomacy, but I have never known any thing of him but his heart.

"As we were about to withdraw, a woman, supported by two servants, advanced to the brink of the yawning grave and gazed into it for some moments in mournful contemplation. That woman, enveloped in a black veil like *Rodogune*, and who bore on her majestic features the traces of a beauty once world-renowned, was Mademoiselle Georges. She said but two words, 'Poor woman!' But they were said in such a way that a unanimous sob broke from every breast. I have never heard any thing that was at once more simple and more grand."

Laferrière gives the following account of an interview which he once had with Victor Hugo. He thus begins his narrative:

"I quitted the company of the Porte St.-Martin in the following manner: At the first reading of 'Marion Delorme,' a rôle of about ten lines had been allotted to me. Youth is

* Now a member of the French Academy and one of the leading dramatic authors of France. —(Th.)

ambitious; it wants ordinarily to do more than it can, and to do less seemed hard to me. Therefore I refused the ten lines.

"Victor Hugo, being informed of my decision, invited me by letter to call upon him. I went to the Place Royale. The poet received me with his most majestic expression, and, without inviting me to sit down, demanded of me the reason of my refusal. This cold reception restored all my composure. Veiling, nevertheless, my resistance under a good deal of circumspection, I said to Victor Hugo:

"Your celebrity, sir, stimulates my ambition, and if I, an humble *débutant*, have permitted myself to refuse the supernumerary rôle that was allotted to me, I hasten to solicit from you the part of the young *Marquis de Saverney*. There, at least, my ambition will find a noble field."

"But, however caressing my tone might be, it could not destroy the effect of that unlucky 'supernumerary' which had slipped from me unawares.

"What, sir!" made answer the poet, in serious amazement, "you have scarcely begun your career, and you already aspire to play the principal part in one of my works. That is impossible. As to the term of 'supernumerary,' which you have just made use of, know that ten lines by Victor Hugo are not to be refused, for they will endure."

"And the poet touched the handle of the door. I withdrew.

"One hour afterward I had conferred my contract with the manager. I was free."

When a child, Laferrière was present at the *début* of Mademoiselle Georges. Of her first and her last appearance on the French stage, he gives the following account:

"That evening, one Mademoiselle Georges Weimar was to play *Roxana*; the emotion in the audience was great. The evening previous Duchesnois had played the part, and the public, which always enjoys the spectacle of theatrical rivalries, disputed already respecting the relative superiority of the two actresses. The curtain rose.

"How beautiful she is!" was the unanimous cry of the entire audience. No one thought of either analyzing or disputing her talent; she was accepted in her youth, in her beauty, and in that splendor which was like a cantic of triumphant Nature. Like Phryne, she had conquered her judges merely by showing herself.

"Duchesnois was forgotten.

"More than forty years later I was present at the last setting of this star—that is to say, at the representation which she gave at the Théâtre Français in the winter of 1854. 'Rodogune' and the 'Malade Imaginaire' formed the programme of that solemnity. The house was crowded; even the orchestra had been taken possession of by the public. When the three knocks had sounded, the curtain rose amid a profound silence. It is impossible to assist at a solemn representation at the Comédie Française, when the musicians are absent, without being impressed by the rustling of that curtain which rises slowly and majestically to reveal one of those palaces of painted canvas once inhabited by those sovereigns who bore the names of Le Kain and Talma.

"*Cleopatra* entered, clad in black and wearing a pointed gold crown surmounted with pearls. Never did a greater physiognomy produce a more striking effect.

"Pale, meditative, and advancing with that step which was weighed down by years, she came forward, leaned upon the back of the great arm-chair, and raised slowly upon the

public her magnificent eyes, then clouded with the immense sadness of a goddess who is about to die. She cast around her, above her, and afar, that veiled and mournful glance. She seemed to be contemplating the vanished years, and to be astonished at finding herself, after so much glory that was no more, still lingering so late in the vacant temple.

"Then I heard around me the same exclamation that I had heard more than forty years before, 'How beautiful she is!'

"The whole career of Mademoiselle Georges, her life, her glory, her genius, her faults, and her triumphs, lay between, and was explained by, those two exclamations."

Laugel's recently-issued work, entitled "Grandes Figures Historiques," contains sketches of Josiah Quincy and of Charles Sumner.

The theatres are closing one by one. The Comédie Française has revived "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour," by Alfred de Musset, and the critics are "going for" Croizette savagely, because in the last scene she reproduces the ghastly effects of the death-scene of the *Sphinx*, and that, too, when the personage she personates has merely to announce the death of a rival.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

At the St. James's a new "musical folly" has been produced—the music being by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the libretto by Mr. "Rowe." If I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. "Rowe" is Mr. W. S. Gilbert, than who no one can write more nonsensically (I mean this as a compliment). The plot is simple, and as unreal as need be. It shows how the *Earl of Islington*, disguised as a footman, makes love at the Zoological Gardens—the piece is named "The Zoo"—to a pretty bar-maid. A peculiar kind of love-making it is. His lordship drinks, eats, and flirts, with the pretty wench, and then eats, drinks, and flirts, with her again, the result being that at last he "stuffs" himself so full of buns and lollypops that he faints away. Then is his real rank discovered. On his coat being torn open, the order of the Garter is seen. However, the earl's intentions prove to be honorable, for in the end he proposes to the fair bar-maid, and she, it need hardly be said, eagerly closes with the offer. The various airs are very spirited; doubtless we shall soon have them on the street-organs. But isn't Mr. Sullivan wasting his talents in giving us such trivial work?

Miss Ellen Terry, who has so suddenly come to the very front of her profession, is paying the penalty of success. The green-eyed monster dogs her footsteps; her fellow-actresses are intensely jealous of her. At a "five-o'clock tea" the other evening, at which I was present, Miss Terry's name happened to come up. "She is much overrated, I am sure," remarked one lady, a well-known *tragédienne*, poutingly, turning up her delicate *retroussé* nose. "Hard and uncultured to a degree—now, don't you think so, Mr. Blank?" Mr. Blank did not think so; but what could he do? He attempted to shuffle out of answering the question, failed miserably, and made her of the *ses retroussé* his enemy forever.

'Tis well to be an opera-singer—that is, of course, if you become popular. Look at the salaries some of the musical "stars" get! Madame Patti is just now receiving two hundred pounds for each night she sings at Covent Garden; while Capoul is having a salary of four hundred pounds a month. And, after all, Capoul is not getting so well paid as Faure

or Nicolini. They have six hundred and twenty pounds a month each.

Mr. Comyns Carr is the writer of the spicy *World* articles on the London press. Mr. Carr is well known as an art-critic. He has a capital paper in the *Portfolio* this month on the drawings of Albrecht Dürer in the British Museum—a splendid collection.

More new plays. The other night an adaptation of "La Dame aux Camélias" was produced at the Princess's, and since then a "new and original comedy-drama," as the author, Mr. Hamilton Aide, describes it, has been brought out at the Court. The adaptation—it is entitled "Heartsense"—is by Mr. James Mortimer, the proprietor and editor of the *London Figaro*, who has done his work not at all badly. His is a free adaptation; he by no means sticks to his text. With him *Traviata*, so far from being "naughty," is a virtuous and consumptive actress, by name *Constance Hawthorne*. Her accepted lover is one *Herbert Maitland*, the son of a rich old fogey. The old gentleman, when he hears of *Herbert's* passion for *Constance*, has an interview with her, tells her that *Herbert* can never be hers, as their grades in life are so different, and ultimately persuades her to run away from him. The climax soon comes. *Constance* gains the protection of a *Captain Bloodgood*, but soon after dies broken-hearted, not, however, before she meets *Herbert* at a ball, and is unjustly accused by him of all sorts of things. Perhaps Mr. Mortimer carries the whitewashing process a little too far; but then, you know, every thing on the English stage must be strictly correct, except the dresses, and they, notwithstanding the lord-chamberlain, are, as a rule, as short above and brief below as ever. The heroine is played, with some pathos, by Miss Barry, the biggest woman—she is both very tall and stout—on our boards, I should imagine; while the hero is inadequately personated by perhaps our heaviest-built actor, Mr. William Rignold, the brother of him who has been turning, as we are told here, the heads of so many of your belles. On the first night, by-the-way, there was an amusing scene. Mr. Mortimer is out of the good books of the "gods." In his paper, some time ago, he called them "rabble," and they have never forgiven him for it; wherefore, whenever he appears in a theatre, they hoot and hiss at him, and address to him remarks anything but complimentary. On this first night they made an energetic attempt to "damn" his piece. Again and again were the opening scenes interrupted by them; they "chaffed" the actors and actresses, and jeeringly called for their arch-enemy, Mr. Mortimer, himself. Suddenly, while Miss Barry was standing alone upon the stage in a pathetic attitude, in rushed Mr. Rignold, his eyes flashing fire, his great fists clinched. "Stop! stop!" he yelled. "If you are Englishmen, those of you who have mothers, wives, or daughters, remember there is a lady before you! For myself," he went on, still at the top of his powerful voice, "all I ask is justice! Hiss me, howl at me, if you like, but don't abuse me before you see the picture I am about to draw." This exhortation saved the piece. Silence reigned throughout the evening. The "gods" were completely cowed. Probably if they had known, as I did, that Mr. Rignold had merely repeated a bit of "copy"—that, as the opposition was foreseen, he had learned the words by heart, in order to rush in with them on his tongue at the most fitting moment—they would only have laughed at him.

Mr. Aide's play (Mr. A. is a novelist and a song-writer) is far cleverer than Mr. Mortimer's; indeed, take it all in all, it is one of

the best dramas that have been produced on our stage for many months. It is called "A Nine Days' Wonder," and the central figure in it is a widow, *Mrs. Fiteroy* (admirably acted by Miss Madge Robertson). *Mrs. F.* is a woman with a strange history. When we make her acquaintance she is living in the house of a *Mr. Vavasour*, a middle-aged widower, whom years ago she had jilted to marry a professed gambler. Subsequently, while on the Continent, she had run away from her husband with one of his friends, owing to his ill-treatment, leaving her son to shift for himself. Her husband had followed and overtaken her, and had been killed in a duel with her seducer. *Mr. Vavasour*, however, does not know all this; he only knows that his affection for his "old flame" is returning. He has a sweet daughter, *Kate*; she loves a young man named *Christian Douglas*, who is too poor to offer her his hand. *Kate* tells her fond father this; he, unlike most fathers, considers *Christian's* poverty no obstacle to the marriage, and invites him to spend a few days at his house. The young man comes, and then the most exciting part of the drama begins. *Christian* recognizes in *Mrs. Fiteroy* his mother; she, not knowing that her son is to be *Kate's* husband, adjures him to be gone, so that she can the better "angle" after *Mr. Vavasour*, whom she has, soheming woman that she is, set her mind on marrying. After a keen mental struggle, *Christian* does go, on the condition that, before his mother weds *Mr. Vavasour*, she will acquaint him with her errors. Shortly after *Mr. Vavasour* proposes, is told all, and still offers *Mrs. Fiteroy* his hand. She is about to accept it, when, learning the sacrifice her son has made, she quits the house forever, the end being that, after all, *Christian*, instead of his mother, marries into the *Vavasour* family. The acting is first rate. As *Kate*, Miss Hollingshead, who has not long been on the stage, plays most gracefully and intelligently, as, of course, as I have hinted, does Miss Robertson. *Mr. Hare* as *Vavasour*, and *Mr. Kendal* as *Christian*, are also excellent. The dialogue of the piece is often brilliant, always good; the incidents are in good sequence, and are well worked out.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE OBERON TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

SINCE the earliest adaptation of the rifled-gun and iron armor-plate to offensive and defensive warfare, there has been a constant advance in the effectiveness of these weapons and the strength of the resisting surface against which their power is directed, from the armor of the Meteor and Thunderer that in the Crimean War proved invulnerable to thirty-two-pound shot, to that of the modern iron-clad two feet in thickness, against which it is proposed to direct a shot projected from an eighty-ton gun. This latter weapon is now in the course of construction at the Woolwich Arsenal, and we learn that "the actual outlay for the production of this first enormous gun, including new forges and forty-ton hammer, steam and hydraulic cranes, special furnaces, rolling and bending machinery, gigantic tongs of thirty tons weight, and multitudes of minor paraphernalia, will be little short of one hundred thousand pounds sterling."

It is true that a large per cent. of this

sum is expended in the construction of permanent works which may be of continual service, provided the results attained are favorable. It is yet estimated that each one of these great guns will cost the English government at least ten thousand pounds. As the weapon is designed strictly for naval service, a ship must be built to carry it, with suitable gun-carriage and other appointments for rendering it manageable and effective; hence we are not surprised to learn that such a piece of artillery will entail, before it is ready to be used, an expense of three hundred thousand pounds sterling!

We have chosen to present these facts regarding the nature and expense of modern naval weapons and warfare in order that our readers may more readily comprehend the true significance and value of the torpedo, the success of which must of necessity check all further advance in the direction of heavily plated and armored vessels. If it is possible to approach a vessel by an unseen enemy, whose attack is made from below the water-line, and hence beneath the range of the monster gun, the mission of the latter is evidently at an end. At an early day we shall hope to present to our readers a descriptive and illus-

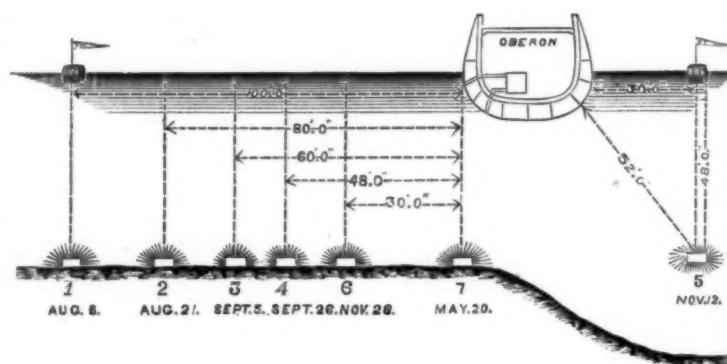
tration must result from the sudden displacement of a volume of water, which would cause an equally sudden and powerful strain to be put upon all portions of the hull above, or within reach of its influence. The experiments were seven in number, and were conducted at the relative distances shown in the illustration, the surface depth, however, being in each case forty-eight feet. In every case save the fifth the mine rested on the bottom, and the published report of the results obtained is given in full as follows:

No. 1 is the position on August 6th, the charge, five hundred pounds of compressed cotton, being placed at one hundred feet horizontally from the starboard side on the ground, at forty-eight feet depth of water. The effect, judging from the apparent leaking, was at first thought to be serious, but proved to be due to dislodgment of tubes imperfectly fixed.

No. 2, August 21st.—Charge fixed at eighty feet horizontally from starboard side, depth, etc., as before; effect slight.

No. 3, September 5th.—Charge at sixty feet horizontally from starboard side, depth, etc., as before; effect again inconsiderable.

No. 4, September 26th.—Charge at forty-eight feet from starboard side; effect considerable; condenser broken, and other severe injuries,



trative account of the progress that has been made in the construction of that form of naval vessels known as torpedo-boats. At present attention is briefly directed to certain recent experiments that have been conducted with a view to determine the effectiveness of stationary or moored torpedoes.

Early in August of last year the English Admiralty, in order to test the effectiveness of gun-cotton in submarine explosions, caused the following experiments to be made: The hull of the vessel *Oberon* was first strengthened, so that it should represent the class of vessels to which the iron-clad *Hercules* belonged. She was then anchored directly above a submarine slope, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The direct purpose of this series of experiments was to ascertain the effect of the explosion of submarine mines resting on the bottom, though at varying diagonal distances from the vessel. In each case, however, the depth directly below the surface of the water was forty-eight feet, and the charge of the torpedo in every instance was five hundred pounds of compressed gun-cotton. It will thus appear that any disastrous effects from this order of ex-

periments such that the vessel could hardly have proceeded on her course, her engines, etc., being probably too much injured.

No. 5, November 12th.—The starboard side of the vessel having greatly suffered, it was decided to attack the port side at thirty feet distance; but, the vessel lying as before, the charge could not be placed on the ground without altering all the conditions, the depth at the spot in question being seventy-two feet. The charge was therefore suspended at forty-eight feet, the actual distance from the ship's bottom being about fifty-two feet. The effect was much less than on the last occasion, showing incidentally the great disadvantage at which a suspended or floating charge acts as compared with a ground one.

No. 6, November 23rd.—The charge was at thirty feet horizontally from the starboard side, at a selected part. The effect was an increased one, water-casks and ship's thwart-plates now suffering, and great leakage and injury caused.

No. 7, May 20th.—The same charge—five hundred pounds of compressed cotton—was placed vertically under the starboard side of the vessel, at the same depth—forty-eight feet—resting on the ground. The effect is not yet fully ascertained and reported. The vessel's back is certainly broken, and she is a com-

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plate wreck; but for the reason of the difference in weight and structure between the Oberon and a real armor-clad, it is still more important to ascertain how far her actual bottom plates have suffered, and what direct local injury has been caused, than to know what dislocation of her structure has taken place. However this may be, the series of experiments has given most important results, and will probably have the effect of shaping our entire system of submarine defense—modifying it, indeed, to an extent that was hardly contemplated by any one previously.

A review of these results, though they are of a negative character, does not lessen their importance, and as the subject of torpedoes is one in which our own Government is at present specially interested, owing to our extended coast-line, these experiments with the Oberon become of direct interest and value. As briefly stated, the conclusion reached is that torpedoes containing comparatively small charges, but so moored as to explode in actual contact with the vessel, are much more effective than those even more heavily charged, but the force of whose explosions must be transmitted through an intervening stratum of water.

The theory, or rather hypothesis, that many or all of the members of the stellar and planetary universe are the abodes of life, that is, of living organisms, has long been received with favor, and, although the question would appear to be beyond the limits of argument even, yet it has been made the subject of many a learned essay or poetic effusion. In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Richard A. Proctor ventures again to approach the subject, reviewing it under the title "Life, Past and Future, in other Worlds." Deeming it probable that many of our readers may fail to meet with the paper in full, we are prompted to give extended space to a condensed review of its main points—convinced that they will recognize in the author's line of reasoning, though necessarily one of analogy, many points in favor of the conclusion, viz., that it is more probable that life is wanting than that life exists at this present time in other worlds than ours. At the close of a brief reference to opinions expressed in former essays, and at variance with those now advanced, the writer adds: "Let the matter be explained as it may, it was only gradually that both the Brewsterian and Whewellite theories of life in other worlds gave place in the writer's mind to a theory in one sense intermediate to them, in another sense opposed to both, which seems to accord better than either with what we know about our own earth, about the other members of the solar system, and about other suns which people space. What we now propose to do is to present this theory as specially illustrated by the two planets which adorn our evening skies during the summer months of the present year." The planets to which allusion is here made are Jupiter and Mars, and their past, present, and future conditions are made the subject of thoughtful consideration. The groundwork upon which Professor Proctor bases his whole argument against the probable present existence of life in other worlds may be stated as follows: Organic life is but a natural phenomenon, and depends upon congenial physical conditions, without which there could be no life. In other words, to prove that life abounds on any planet we must first accept the fact that the physical conditions on

that planet are "life-supporting." Returning now to the main argument, the writer notices at length the various forms of life upon our globe, and the possible conditions under which it exists, giving special attention to the evidence that "Nature possesses a power of modifying the different types in accordance with the varying conditions under which they subsist. . . . Still," he adds, and in this sentence sounds the key-note of all subsequent reasoning, "there must be a limit beyond which the change of the earth's conditions, whether through the cooling of her own globe or the diminution of the sun's heat, will be such that no conceivable modification of the types of life now existing could render life possible. . . . The struggle for life involves the repeated victory of death. . . . Nature, wasteful of individual life, is equally wasteful of types of life," and "at length the time comes when the struggle for existence can manifestly have but one end, and then, though the type may linger long before it actually disappears, its disappearance is only a question of time." Admitting the justice of this general proposition, the writer arrives naturally at the following conclusion: "We have also only to consider that life on the earth necessarily had a beginning, to infer that it must necessarily have an end. Clearest evidence shows how our earth was once 'a fluid haze of light,' and how for countless eons afterward her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amid which no form of life could be conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present 'in the midst of the fire.' Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is now known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth." The reader will discover that Professor Proctor anticipates the vague objections of the purely imaginative opponents by limiting his definition of life to that which exists "after the manner known to us." If we have succeeded in the rather difficult task of condensing an already succinct argument, the reader will be ready to follow the author in his next step, and, as he has defined the nature of this step in a few brief sentences, we give them as follows: "We see our earth passing through a vast period, from its first existence as a separate member of the solar system, to the time when life appeared upon its surface; then began a comparatively short period, now in progress, during which the earth has been and will be the abode of life; and after that must follow a period infinite to our conceptions when the cold and inert globe of the earth will circle as lifelessly round the sun as the moon now does. We may, if we please, infer this from analogy, seeing that the duration of life is always infinitely small by comparison with the duration of the region where life appears; so that, by analogy, the duration of life on the earth would be infinitely short compared with the duration of the earth itself. But we are brought to the same conclusion independently of analogy, perceiving that the fire of the earth's youth and the deathly cold of her old age must alike be infinite in duration compared with her period of vital, life-preserving warmth. And what is true of the earth is true of every member of the solar system, major planet, minor planet, asteroid, or satellite; probably of every orb in space, from the minutest meteorite to suns ex-

ceeding our sun a thousand-fold in volume." The remainder of the attractive essay is occupied in an attempt to prove, by analogy and fact, so far as facts are attainable, that, viewed merely as a problem of chances, it is improbable that at the present time or at any given time the conditions of two or more planets will be so closely allied as to make them life-supporting. Mars has in all probability passed this stage, and Jupiter is yet far from it, though advancing. "Nor need we stop," he adds, "at solar systems, since within the infinite universe, without beginning and without end, not suns only, but systems of suns, galaxies of such systems, to higher and higher orders endlessly, have long since passed through all the stages of their existence as systems, or have all those stages yet to pass through. In the presence of time-intervals thus seen to be at once infinitely great and infinitely little—infinity great compared with the duration of our earth, infinitely little by comparison with the eternities amid which they are lost—what reason can we have for viewing any orb in space from our little earth, and saying now is the time when that orb is, like our earth, the abode of life? Why should life on that orb synchronize with life on the earth? Are not, on the contrary, the chances infinitely great against such a coincidence? If, as Helmholtz has well said, the duration of life on our earth is but the minutest 'ripple in the infinite ocean of time,' and the duration of life on any other planet of like minuteness, what reason can we have for supposing that those remote, minute, and no way associated waves of life must needs be abreast of each other on the infinite ocean whose surface they scarcely ripple?" It should be borne in mind, as lessening the chances of a coincident period of a planet's existence covers but a minute period of its actual existence, and hence it may justly be regarded as "antecedently improbable that any planet selected at random, whether planet of our own system or planet attending on another sun than ours, is at this present time the abode of life." Though we close our review with this sentence as embodying Professor Proctor's conclusions deduced from his main premises, justice to the author bids us recognize the extended efforts—here unnoticed—by which he appears to justify the claims which we have hardly more than set forth and defined.

For months the air has been heavy with rumors, and at times apparently authorized statements, regarding the discovery of a new motor or motive power, which was not only to supersede steam, but accomplish more wonders than were ever hoped for by any inventor of perpetual motion. We acknowledge that it appears hardly gracious to condemn that of which we have no knowledge, and in this century of wonders the sight of a steamboat crossing the Atlantic or a train crossing the plains urged by a force generated from a vialful of water, or a dew-drop even, would not altogether amaze us. It may be the fault of an education which has sadly marred our faith in mechanical miracles, but we freely confess that we have been but slightly impressed by the astounding advices received regarding the Keeley motor. As there may be those among our readers, however, who, if not credulous, are at least curious regarding the claims of this new engine of progress, we submit the accompanying description of the motor as given to the *Tribune* by its Philadelphia correspondent. As to the desirability of purchasing stock, well, we all remember the advice of *Punch* to

the friend contemplating marriage—"Don't." The report to which we allude reads as follows: "The inventor's name is John W. Keeley, and he calls his invention the 'Keeley Motor.' It is owned by a stock company composed chiefly of New York and Philadelphia capitalists, who have paid in a working capital of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and hold stock of the nominal par value of one million dollars. They hold the stock at fabulous prices. The apparatus that generates the power is called a 'multiplier,' and is composed of a number of iron chambers of cylindrical form, connected by pipes and fitted with certain cocks and valves. The machine upon which experiments have been conducted during the past eight months is about thirty-six inches high, twenty-four long, and thirteen wide, and its cylinders will hold about six gallons of water. A small brass pipe, with an orifice one-quarter of an inch in diameter, leads from it to a strong, wrought-iron reservoir, six inches in diameter and three feet long, where the power is stored, and whence it is fed to a beam-engine through a still smaller pipe. The process of generating the power consists in forcing air into the upper chamber of the multiplier, and afterward letting water run in from a hydrant until the receptacles are nearly filled. In the experiments lately made, the inventor has used his own lungs for an air-pump, blowing through a tube for a few seconds, then turning a cock to shut off the air, connecting the tube with the hydrant and opening the cock until sufficient water runs in. Within two minutes after this operation is performed the cocks on the tubes connecting the upper with the lower cylinders are turned and the power is ready for use. The little machine exerts, through the small tube one-eighth of an inch in diameter, a pressure varying from two to fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch, at the will of the operator. The power is accurately measured by a force-register. When applied to the engine it runs as rapidly as it is prudent to permit, the supply of power always being kept below its full capacity."

THOUGH given with no view of exciting an unreasonable alarm, we are yet prompted to warn our readers against a too careless disregard of the possible truth of the statement here made. It appears that a gentleman in Stettin, having, soon after the purchase of a hat with a brown-leather band, experienced severe headaches followed by the breaking out of ulcers on the forehead, was induced to submit the band to a chemist for examination. The result proved that the dye with which it was stained was one of the poisonous aniline colors, and that its properties were such as to render inflammation unavoidable when it came in contact with the skin.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Harvey's "Every-Day Life in Spain," just published in London, we select a few interesting paragraphs:

GYPSY-LIFE IN GRANADA.

It was in the course of one of these walks that we came upon the gypsy quarter. We had hesitated about going there, for some people in the hotel said the gypsies were perfect savages, abusing and throwing stones at any

strangers who might come near them. This seemed dangerous as well as disagreeable, so we gave up our intention. However, one evening returning from the Convent de los Martires, we had scrambled up a rough path to have a better view of the Generalife, when, on turning a corner, we came upon the rocks inhabited by this curious people.

Finding ourselves there, we thought it best to try to appear fearless and pleased, though we were far from feeling so; therefore, going up to a young woman, with a bundle or a baby in her arms, seated on a stone somewhat apart, we saluted her in Spanish fashion, and begged her to show us the shortest way to the Generalife.

The woman civilly rose, and was about to direct us, when the infant in the bundle uttered a low wail, so feeble and pitiful that we could not help asking if the little thing was ill. The young woman, scarcely more than a child in years, opened the shawl and showed us a tiny baby, rolled in a bit of rag. The little creature, pallid with suffering, its tender limbs emaciated, evidently from hunger, lay motionless, only uttering from time to time a plaintive moan that went to the heart of those who heard it. Tears dropped slowly from the eyes of the poor mother, she did not speak, she did not ask, but she pressed the little creature closer to her, with a tenderness that said more than the most touching words. The poor babe was evidently dying of hunger.

My young companion, touched by the sight of the little creature's sufferings, raised the tiny hand and gently kissed it. This natural act of compassion seemed to go straight to the mother's heart, she burst into tears, and out poured a sad story of suffering, illness, and starvation. She and her husband were dancers, and wandered about from fair to fair. The man had had a serious fall, and for many weeks had been partly paralyzed. He was now lying, suffering and motionless, in one of the holes before us.

The woman said their friends had been very kind to them, but in these times it was difficult to earn any thing, and her child had been born when they were nearly starving. Her pinched features and skeleton-like arms said that at any rate this part of her tale was true.

By this time many others of the tribe had gathered round, and such a set of bright-eyed, gaunt, haggard creatures I have seldom seen. We had but a few small pieces of money with us, perhaps fortunately, as there was no temptation to take that which we gave the young mother; but, poor people, they were all most civil and grateful.

They wished us to see some of their homes, but, being alone, we thought it most prudent to proceed on our way, promising to return another time. Taking our Spanish servant as guard, we did return, and far from finding these people savage and rude, they impressed us most favorably. Like animals, they burrow in the rocks, but the holes they live in, though poverty-stricken to the last degree, were neat and almost clean. They seemed very industrious, and were always at work, the men as tinkers, cobblers, or chair-menders—the women making and selling brooms and similar articles.

The dancer's was a sad case. I never saw any one so thin to be alive; his lower limbs were quite paralyzed, and even his hands were feeble, and moved with uncertain action. The poor fellow was lying in a hole little larger than a dog-kennel, propped up by a bundle of straw, and trying to make some baskets. He was cheerful and hopeful when I ordered a

few, and he evidently did not despair of himself. It had been such a very little fall, he said, and added, with a hope that was pitiable in its hopelessness, that no doubt when the winter came he should get stronger, and be able to move about again, but it did not need much knowledge to see from the emaciated, sunken features and nerveless hands, that long before the winter came he would be where pain and hunger are unknown.

It was interesting to note how in some ways these gypsies retain traces of Oriental habits; for instance, many of them made a movement as if raising the hem of a superior's garment to the heart and head, an action used in Turkey and the East to express affection and respect.

The holes they live in are like exaggerated sand-martins' nests. Even the dwelling-places of the rock Arabs we had seen in Syria are superior to these wretched abodes, but the inhabitants seemed content with them, and assured us that in some ways they were better than ordinary houses, being cool in summer and warm in winter. It was curious that, though several of the women were evidently fortune-tellers, never once did they offer to tell our fortunes, or impose upon us any of the tricks of their trade.

DANCING.

Like the Italians, Spaniards are passionately fond of dancing. Among the poor it seems their greatest solace and recreation, and no sooner do the lengthening shadows indicate that the day is drawing to a close than from the shady walks of the Alamedas, and other favorite places of resort, may be heard the tinkling music of guitars and the sound of distant song. Our poor neighbors awake to new life, and young and old are aroused by the inspiring clatter of the castanets. From our terrace, we delight in watching their graceful movements, for the Spaniards from their earliest youth are imbued with the true poetry of dancing. Occasionally a voice joins itself to the notes of the guitar, and though the melody may be rude, and the singer unlearned, yet in the soft enchantment of an Andalusian night the long-drawn sigh of the "*Ay de mí!*" with which almost every song terminates, has a charm that scarcely any other music can rival.

SPANISH MEN AND WOMEN.

It is perhaps a dangerous topic to touch upon, because every nation has its own standard on such points, but it would be difficult to find anywhere more charming women than Spanish ladies. The average of beauty is exceedingly great, but even when the features are not strictly pretty, the fine eyes have such a depth of tender expression, the slender figure is so graceful in every movement, the low, sweet voice speaks in such tones of earnest persuasion, that critical indeed must be the judgment that is not pleased. And these charms are not those of mere appearance, for Spanish women are true, and kind, and gentle, and singularly free from affectation of either mind or manners. Many are very accomplished, though perhaps the education usually given to women is not very profound. Of course there are admirable exceptions, and these ladies naturally take the lead in society.

The men, too, are exceedingly agreeable. Brilliant and clever, they have also the great fascination of a hearty and sincere manner. There is a profound earnestness in whatever they say or do that is inexpressibly attractive. This faculty of throwing themselves with enthusiasm into the occupation or amusement

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of the hour is at once the misfortune and the charm of Spaniards, and is especially characteristic of those of the south.

In the Cortes, in the pulpit, in private life, there are an earnestness and completeness of purpose that one feels to be true. Should the object be ever so trivial, they pursue it with an eagerness that for the moment seems to banish every other thought. But then, it is only for the moment, and how long does such devotion last? The great difficulty is to interest the multitude permanently. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," and this is one feature of Spanish failure.

The Spaniards are any thing but weak in character, they are not even feeble; but the mass of the people easily wander from the hard, weary road of duty into the pleasant paths of to-day's amusement. They are generous, large-hearted, and for the most part singularly free from the love of money. In no other country is a traveler less cheated than in Spain. When spoken to with courtesy and kindness, Spaniards will readily assist a stranger, and will often take much trouble to do so; but they are proud, and keenly resent the slightest appearance of rudeness.

Apart from the Inquisition, which in truth was more the creation of cruel churchmen and cruel kings than the offspring of the people, the Spaniards are not a blood-thirsty race. In the history of civil wars, few nations have gone through such violent revolutionary changes with less of bloodshed than Spain.

A Spaniard loves his country, he loves the political party to which he belongs, he is brave as a lion, and will fight to the death for either; but with the keen suspicion of a southern mind he doubts his leaders, and puts little faith in any. Besides, who can long resist the excitement of the bull-ring, the attractions of a new opera, the pleasant talk in *cafés*, and, more than all, the fascination of bright, speaking eyes? So the great things of to-morrow are forgotten for the little pleasures of to-day.

ONE of the talkers in the *Blackwood* papers, "Conversation in a Studio," has something audacious to say about Goethe. They have been discussing German criticism on Shakespeare (see selections in *JOURNAL* of June 26th), when the conversation turns to Goethe, and then to Shakespeare and translations:

Bolton. It is the same in their criticism of art. Look, for instance, at Goethe's critique on the *Laocoon*.

Mallett. You mean Lessing's?

Bolton. No, I mean Goethe's—Lessing's is quite another affair. He has written a most elaborate criticism on this group, in which he finds every thing perfect, every thing done in the highest spirit, with the clearest intelligence and insight, and with a perfection of execution as great as the conception is wonderful. The ancient Greeks are the greatest sculptors, and this is the greatest of their works, and without a single defect. In fact, it is a cut-and-dried panegyric, by a man who had no knowledge of his subject, who was determined to find that whatever is, is right, and whose enthusiasm is all literary and second-hand. We are told to admire, with upraised hands, the defects as much as the merits. It was a subtle and exquisite thought to make the serpent, while he crushed the group with his folds, also bite the most sensitive part of

the father, and so make him shrink away; and it is no matter at all that the serpent who crushes does not bite. It was an admirable conception to make the sons two little fully-developed men, one-third the size of their father, instead of children. The restored parts are admirable also, and there is here a good deal of feeble philosophizing and artistic metaphysics to round the whole.

Mallett. You are very hard on Goethe.

Bolton. I know I am. I suppose I feel as the ancient Athenian did about Aristides: I cannot bear to hear him called the artist any more than he to hear the great statesman called the Just. Artist! Despite his large talent and his many accomplishments, he is utterly without that innate enthusiasm, that fiery impulse, that self-surrender to passion for his work that alone can make an artist in the true sense of the word. He was essentially cold of nature, and his work is generally cold. He prepared himself elaborately for all his writings, arranged his materials with patience, and, having got them all ready, sat down with deliberation to put them together, and work them into shape in the most mechanical way. He laid up his observations as one makes a *hortus sicens*, and put them into his work like so many fragments of mosaic. He could not give way to his enthusiasm, but insisted on governing it. He never was possessed, rapt, lifted out of himself, carried away by his theme. He drove his Pegasus in good German harness; Pegasus never ran or flew away with him. I put aside his "Faust," which is far his greatest work. This he wrote in his youth, when he could not suppress his genius, which got the better of him, and in this one sees him at his highest. But this was before he was an artist in his sense, and while the enthusiasm of youth was in him, and would have its way. Nearly all the rest of his life he was engaged at intervals on the second part of "Faust," piecing it out mechanically, and endeavoring to give some real shape to more *disjecta membra*, which he never could put together into any definite completeness. The result of all his art was to huddle together an unintelligible mass of myth and history, without beginning, middle, or end. When his genius carried him away he was great, and the first part of "Faust" has scenes of great power both of conception and execution.

Mallett. Ah, well, I breathe again. After all, it is something to have written one great work.

Bolton. It is, but it is the story of Marguerite which alone interests us. *Faust* is a colorless walking gentleman, without character or individuality, and there is no real "Motiv," to use Goethe's word, for *Marguerite's* conduct.

Mallett. Pray leave Goethe alone—we shall never agree about him. I have heard you before on this subject, and I say with Galileo, "E pur si muove." I know "Wilhelm Meister" bores you, and the "Elective Affinities" is, according to you, a mechanical mosaic; but I don't agree with you.

Bolton. Yes, if Goethe talked no better than the characters of those two novels, I am not sorry I never knew him. I am tired to death of gardens, and the way they should be laid out, and I do not admire his theatrical discussions; and his characters, except when they are reminiscences of particular persons, are to me thoroughly mechanical.

Mallett. Let us get back to Shakespeare, where we can agree.

Bolton. Shakespeare's plays grow. All others, more or less, are constructed, built up mechanically part by part; while Shakespeare's

grow and develop, one joint out of another, one branch and twig out of another—naturally, freely, unexpectedly—as a tree grows. This is true not only of the characters but of the conduct of each play, and especially of the later ones. Take *Othello*, for instance, and see how his character develops with circumstances; how the restrained passion of his nature, which gives at first only a genial glow to his bearing, finally bursts forth into an overpowering fury, breaks down all the safeguards of his judgment, destroys his dignity, and ruins his reason. Goethe's plays, on the contrary, are mechanically laid out like a garden-plot, and all his pretty flowers, exotic or natural, are planted in them artificially. They do not grow there by their own sweet will, do not flower out of the theme, but are grafted on it. They do not make themselves, but are made by him. Two and two always make four, but in life they sometimes make five. There's a daring truth of unexpectedness in Shakespeare, as there is in Nature. His characters do not say what you expect, but what their nature prompts. A tree has its law, but it also has its whim and caprice, and one limb and branch is not balanced against another geometrically, as it is in Goethe's plays. In all the deviousness of outline in Nature, there is at once the characteristic and the capricious. In Goethe's "Tasso," for instance, you can forecast every thing that each character will say and think, but you cannot do this with "Hamlet," and "Othello," and "Lear."

Mallett. The world is against you in your estimate of Goethe, and I am against you. But don't let us discuss him any further. You will not convince me. Let us talk about something we agree upon. As to what you say of the German critics of Shakespeare, of course there is one side of him to us as wonderful as any, which they never can feel—I mean his language and his rhythm. No translation can give this, however well it may be done. There is a light, and life, and color in the words of our great poet that most of all is his, which makes them magical. To translate Shakespeare is as impossible as to copy Titian—ay, much more so; the outline, the story, the bones, remain, but the soul is gone—the essence, the ethereal light, the perfume, is vanished. Try in any of his great passages to replace a forgotten word, and you can never improve it. Nothing will fit it but the very word he used. If, then, we ourselves cannot translate or alter his language without loss, how is it possible that the whole should be transferred into another language, with different idioms, and still preserve its quality? Take for instance this—

... "No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red"—

and translate it if you can. "Multitudinous seas"—what an expression! You feel the wide weltering waste of confused and tumbling waves around you in that single word. What beauty and wealth of color, too, in incarnadine, a word capable of dying an ocean! and then, after these grand polysyllables, how terse and stern comes in the solid Saxon, as if a vast cloud had condensed into great, heavy drops—the green one red! Turn it into German if you can. Hitch together three or four monosyllables, and pretend they are one word, and see if they will give you the effect of that one great Latinish multitudinous. Try much-folding, or many-folding, or manifold ("vielfaltig" or "mannigfaltig"), which are the nearest approximations in German to the sense and sound. Do they satisfy you? Or, instead

of incarnadine, take that poetic and noble German correlative "fleischfarben," to flesh-color; or substitute the German phrase, for it is not a word, "purpurroth farben;" or say in English, empurple, or make purple. It will not do—we cannot translate it even into English, much less into German.

FROM Mrs. Burton's "Inner Life of Syria, Palestine, and the Holy Land," just published in London, we glean two passages. The first is descriptive of Arab dancing and singing:

You must understand that Arab dancing is more curious than pretty, but it is strange to you and wild. You would be sorry to miss seeing it, but I must explain to you that there are some things we may see, and some that we may not see. However, my friends are very discreet and respectful, and they will arrange with these *almahs* exactly what they are to dance and what they are to sing; that they are to be fully clad, and are not to exceed in *rakhs*. They have brought five, all dressed in various-colored gauzes, and spangles, and gold-coin ornaments, trousers frilled and gathered round the ankle with a ring, and hair plaited in two long tresses to the knees. You see, in point of dress, that they are far more decent than our own ballet-girls, and that even the lord-chamberlain could not object to them. Their instruments are the tom-tom, the tambourine, and a sort of zittern. They crack their fingers by putting their hands together, by pulling back the second and third finger of the left hand with the index-finger of the right, and by letting them rebound, with a noise louder than any castanets. Their voices are melancholy, nasal, and boyish, and all their songs are in a minor key. They used to set my teeth on edge at first, but I have grown to love them now. I am very fond of music, but I have never been able to pick up an Arab air. It takes a year before one can perceive the difference between one air and another, or whether it is intended to be joyous or sorrowful; but after this initiation the music becomes most expressive. Even their military bands, like all their music, sound half a note below concert-pitch.

You must watch them singing. They put on a miserable look, hang their heads sideways, turning up their eyes like dying ducks, and then out comes a wall, reminding us of an Æolian harp hung in a tree. All sit cross-legged in a row upon the divan, and they will sing and sway from side to side. That *almah*, who was once the best dancer, and is now the size of six ordinary mortals, can no longer dance. We are going to have a *pas seul*. This girl will move about the room, with little wriggling steps, in time to the music, nearly double herself backward, and throw herself in all sorts of contortions and attitudes, till I am convinced that all her bones are made of gristle. One thing which perhaps you will not understand is, that her dancing means something, whereas ours is only intended for exercise, or to give people a chance of talking. She has told you by pantomime whole histories—of how she was at home with her mother, and how she went to market and to the bazaar; how she did the washing and cooking; how her father (the sheik) wanted her to marry, and how she didn't want to marry, for that All was fighting far away in the desert. She wonders if he thinks of her, and she looks at the moon, and knows that he can see it, too, and asks when he will come back. Now the music and the steps change. He is coming

back, and they are dressing her to be his bride; she is walking in the bridal procession, veiling her face for shame. And so forth.

The performers are clamoring for *rakhs*. I think they deserve a little, but we must not let them have too much. Now, I will ask for my favorite sword-dance. That thin and graceful girl will take her turn, and describe to you a fight by pantomime. You will be surprised at the way she can handle a cimeter, as if she had learned broadsword all her life. She whirls it round her head and throat, under her arms, over her back, like lightning, and within an inch of our faces, as if she were slashing at sixty unseen enemies, dancing all the time.

Our second extract gives a brief description of the Turkish bath:

Firstly, we enter a large hall, lit by a domed skylight, with a huge marble tank in the centre, and four little fountains spurting in the corners. All around are raised divans, covered with cushions. Here we wrap ourselves in silk and woolen sheets, and towels round the head. We shall now pass through six marble rooms, all with domed sky-lights, marble floors, and a gutter out in them to let the water off, and surrounded by large stone basins and troughs, each with its tap of hot and cold water. The first is the cold room, the next warm, the third warmer, and so on until you come to the *sudarium*, of about 120° Fahr.

Here the operation commences. Firstly, they lather your head and hair thoroughly. Then you are washed over, first with flannel and soap, if you like; secondly with a brush and soap; thirdly with *hif* and soap. *Hif* is the fibre of the palm-frond soaked in water, sun-dried, and pulled out. It looks like a large sponge of white horse-hair, and it rubs as hard as a clothes-brush. You are doused from head to foot, between each of these operations, with tubs of hot water thrown at you and over you. You are then shampooed with

fresh layers of soap, and doused again. By this time you are beginning to feel rather exhausted. They then cover your face, and neck, and arms, with a sort of powder which looks like meal, and move you through the other rooms, each warmer than the last, till you are turned into the hottest. If it is steam, 160° will content you; if in dry heat, you can with practice bear 300°. Your stay in the *caldarium* lasts about twenty minutes. They give you iced sherbet, and tie towels dipped in cold water round your head, which prevents your fainting, and makes you perspire more freely. The white powder passes away of itself. They scrub your feet with a hard, rough stone; indeed, it appears to me that one's first skin is wholly peeled off.

Now you move back again through all the rooms, but gradually, staying ten minutes in each. You are again doused with water, and shampooed with towels as you pass from heat to cold. The most rigorous of all is when you arrive at the latter, when pails of cold water are thrown at your back and poured down the spine. In the last room the final shampooing is done with towels.

We now return to the hall where we first undressed, enveloped in silk and woolen cloths, and we recline on divans. It is all strewn with flowers, incense is burned about us, cups of very hot and rather bitter coffee are handed to us, and nargiles are placed in our mouths. A woman advances and kneads you like bread; you fall asleep during the process, which has almost the effect of mesmerism.

When you awake you will find music and dancing, the girls chasing one another, eating sweetmeats, cracking nuts, and enjoying all sorts of fun. Moslem women go through much more than the above performances, especially in the matter of being henna'd, and having their eyebrows plucked. The best time for the bath is with a wedding party preparing a bride. One feels very light after these baths, and the skin is wonderfully white. Easterns are not content with less than peeling the outer skin off.

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